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with new additions & 1022.



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A Faire Quarrell.

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With new Additions of M. Chaughs and
Trimtrams Roaring; and the *Bands* Song.

As it was Acted before the King, by the Prince,
his Highnesse Servants.

{ Written by *Thomas Middleton*, } Gent. *Cen.*
and *William Rowley.*



Printed at London by *A. M.* for *Thomas Dewe* and are
to be sold at his shop in *S. Dunstons Church-*
yard, in *Fleetstreet*. 1622.





TO THE NOBLY DIS-
posed, Vertuous, and Faithfull-breasted,

ROBERT GREY Esquire, one of the Groomes
of his Highnesse Bed-Chamber, his
poore Well-willer, wilheth his best
Wishes. *Hic & Supra.*

Worthy Sir,



Is but a Play, and a Play is but a
Butt, against which many shoot
many Arrowes of Enuy, 'tis the
weaker Part, and how much
more noble shall it be in you to
defend it, yet if it be (as some Philosophers
haue left behind 'um) that this Megacosme,
this great world, is no more then a Stage,
where euery one must Act his Part, you shall
of necessitie haue many partakers, some long,
some short, some indifferent, all some, whilst
indeed the Players themselues haue the least
part of it, for I knew few that haue lands,
(which are part of the World) and therefore
no grounded men, but howsoever they serue
for Mutes, happily they must weare good

The Epistle, &c.

cloathes for attendance, yet all haue exires, and must all be stript in the Tying-house (Viz. the Graue) for none must carry any thing out of the stocke, you see Sir, I write as I speake, and I speake as I am, & thats excuse enough for me. I did not mean to write an Epistle of praise to you, it lookes so like a thing, (I know) you loue not Flattery, which you exceedingly hate actiuely, and vnpleasingly accept passiuely: indeed I meant to tell you your owne, that is, that this child of the Muses is yours, who euer begat it, tis laid to your charge and (for ought I know) you must father and keepe it too, if it please you, I hope you shall not be asham'd of it neither, for it has beene seene (though I say it) in good companies, and many haue said it is a handsome pretty spoken infant, now be your owne iudge, at your leasure looke on it, at your pleasure laugh at it, and if you be forrie it is no better, you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours euer,

William Rowley.

A Faire Quarrell.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Master Russell Solus.

Russell.

IT must be all my care; theres all my loue,
And that pulls on the tother, had I beene left
In a soe ne behind me, while I had beene here
He should haue shifted as I did before him;
Liud on the freeborne portion of his wit :
But a daughter, and that an onely one, oh ?
We cannot be to carefull ore, to tender,
Tis such a brittle nicenesse a meere cubbord of glasses,
The least shake breakes, or crakes em ; all my ayme is
To cast her vpon riches : thats the thing
We rich men call perfection, for the world
Can perfect nought without it, tis not neatnesse
Either in handsome wit ; or handsome outside
With which one Gentleman (far indebt) has courted her,
Which boldnes he shall rue. He thinks me blind,
And ignorant, I haue let him play along time,
Seem'd to belecue his worth ; which I know nothing.
He may perhaps laugh at my easie confidence
Which closely I requite vpon his fondnesse:
For this houre snaps him : and before his mistris
his Saint forsooth, which he inscribes my girle,
He shall be rudely taken and disgract,
The tricke will proue an cuerlasting Scarcrow,
To fright poore gallants from our rich-mens daughters,

Enter the Lady Ager, with two seruants.

Sister ? Iue such a ioy to make you a wel-come of,
Better you neuer tasted. *Lady* Good sir spare it not.

A Faire Quarrell.

Russ. Colonell, come; and your sonne Captaine Ager.

Lady. My sonne ! --- *he weepes :*

Russ. I know your eye would be first seru'd, |
Thats the soules taster still for griefe or ioy,

Lady. Oh if a mothers deare suit may preuaile with him,
From England ; he shall neuer part agen.

Russ. No question he'll be rul'd, and grant you that.

Lady. He bring all my desires to that request.

Exeunt Lady and her seruants.

Russ. Affectionate sister, she ha's no daughter now,
It followes all the loue must come to him,
And he has a worth deserues it, were it dearer.

*Enter a friend of the Colonell, and another of
Captaine Agers.*

Colo. Friend. I must not giue way toot.

Russ. Whats here to question.

Col. Fri. Compare young Captaine Ager, with the Colonell.

Cap. Fri. Yong? why, do you make youth stand for an im-
putation : that which you now produce for his disgrace,
Infer's his noblenes, that being yong
Should haue an anger more inclin'd to courage
And moderation then the Colonell:

A vertue as rare as chastitie in youth.

And let the cause be good, (conscience in him
Which euer crownes his acts, and is indeed,
Valours prosperity) he dares then as much,
As euer made him famous that you plead for.

Col. friend. Then forbear too long.

Cap. friend. His worth for me.

Russ. Heres noble youths, belike some wench has
crost 'm, and now they know not what to doe with
their blood.

Enter the Colonell, and Captaine Ager.

Colo. How now !

Cap. Hold, hold, whats the incitement,

Colo. So serious at your game, come, come, the quarrell.

Colo. fri. Nothing good faith sir.

Colo. Nothing, and you bleed.

Col. fri.

A Faire Quarrell.

Col. fri. Bleed, where, pish, a little scratch by chance fir.

Col. What need this nicenes, when you know so well
That I must know these things, and truly know 'em,
Your daunctines makes me but more impatient,
This strange concealement frets me.

Col. fri. Words did passe.

Which I was bound to answer, as my opinion
And loue instructed me, and should I take in generall fame,
Into 'em, I thinke I should commit no error in't.

Col. What words fir, and of whom.

Col. fri. This Gentleman,
Paraleld Captaine *Agers* worth with yours.

Col. With mine.

Col. fri. It was a thing I could not listen to
With any patience.

Capt. What should ayle you fir,
There was little wrong done to your friend i that,

Col. How? little wrong, to me.

Capt. I said so, friend;
And I suppose tha you le esteeme it so.

Col. Comparisons?

Capt. Why fir? twixt friend, and friend,
There is so euen and leuell a degree
It will admit of no superlatiue.

Col. Not in termes of man-hood?

Russ. Nay Gentlemen.

Col. Good fir giue me leaue, in termes of man-hood?
What can you dispute more questionable?
You are a Captaine fir, I giue you all your due.

Capt. And you are a Colonell, a title
Which may include with it many Captaines:
Yet fir, but throwing by those titular shaddowes,
VWhich adde no substance to the men themselves;
And take them vncompounded, man and man,
They may be so with faire equalitie.

Col. Yare a boy fir. *Capt.* And you haue a Beard fir.
Virginitie and marriage are both worthy,
And the positie puritie there are some

A Faire Quarrell.

Haue made the nobler.

Colo. How now? *Russ.* Nay good sir,

Capt. I shrinke not, he that goes the formost,
May be oretaken.

Colo. Death, how am I weigh'd?

Capt. In an euen ballance sir, a beard put in
Giues but a small aduantage: man and man
And lift the scales,

Colo. Patience shall be my curse
If it ride me further;

Russ. How now Gallants?

Beleeue me then, I must giue ayme no longer,
Can words beget swords and bring 'um forth, ha?
Come they are abortiue propagations;
Hide-um for shame, I had thought Souldiers
Had bin muscall: would not strike out of time,
But to the consort of Drum, Trumps, and Fife:
Tis madman-like to daunce without Musique,
And most vnpleasing shewes to the beholders,
A Lydian ditty to a Dorick note
Friends embrace with steele hands? fie, it meets to hard,
I must haue those encounters heere debar'd,

Colo. Shall I loose heere what I haue safe brought home
through many dangers?

Capt. Whats that sir?

Colo. My fame,
Life of the life, my reputation,
Death? I am squar'd and measur'd out, my heights
Depths, breadth, all my demenstions taken,
Sure I haue yet beyond your Astralobe
A spirit vnbounded. *Capt.* ir, you might weigh.

Russ. Tush, all this is weighing fire, vaine and fruitlesse,
The further it runnes into argument
The futher plung'd, beseech you no more on't,
I haue a little claime, sir, in your blood
As neare as the brother to your mother,
If that may serue for power to moue your quiet,
Therest I shall make vp with curtesie

A Faire Quarrell.

And an Vncles loue. *Cap.* I haue done sir, but

Ruff. But ! Ile haue no more shooting at these butts,

Colo: Weele to pricks, when he please.

Ruff. You roue all still

Sir, I haue no motiue prooffe to digest

Your raisd choller backe into temperate blood

But if youle make mine age a counsellor

(As all ages haue hitherto allow'd it)

Wisdom in men growes vp as yeares increase,

You shall make me blessed in making peace,

And doe your iudgement right,

Colo. In peace at home

Gray hayres are Senators : but to determine

Soldiers and their actions ;

Enter Fitzallen and Iane.

Ruff. Tis peace heere sir,

And see, heere comes a happy Interim,

Heere enters now a Sceane of louing armes ;

This couple, will not quarrell so ;

Colo. Fri. Be aduised Sir,

This Gentleman *Fitzallen* is your kinsman,

You may orethrow his long labord fortunes

With one angry minute, tis a rich churle

And this his sole inheritriz, blast not

His hopes with this tempest.

Colo. It shall calme me,

All the townes coniurers and their *Demons*

Could not haue laid my spirit so,

Fitz. Worthy Cuz

I gratulate your faire returne to peace

Your swift fa ne was at home long before you;

Colo. It meetes (i hope) your happy fortunes heere

And I am glad int, I must salute your ioyes, cuz,

With a soulders encounter

Kisses her.

Fitz. Worthy Captaine *Ager,*

I hope my kinsman shortly——

Ruff. You must come short indeed,

A Faire Quarrell.

Or the length of my deuise will be ill shrunk,
Why now it shoves finely, Ile tell you, sir,
Sir, nay sonne, I know i'th end, twill be so,
Fitz. I hope so, sir.

Russ. Hope? nay tis past all hope, sonne,
Here has been such a stormy incounter,
Betwixt my cozen Captaine, and this braue Colone II
About I know not what, nothing indeed,
Competitions, degrees and comparatiues
Of Soldiership: but this smooth passage
Of loue has calmd it all, come Ile hau't sound,
Let me see your hearts combined in your hands,
And then I will belieue the league is good,
It shall be the grapes if we drinke any blood.

Colo. I haue no anger sir.

Capt. I haue had none,
My blood has not yet rolet to a quarrell,
Nor haue you had cause.

Colo. No cause of quarrell?
death? if my father should tell me so: *Russ.* Agen?

Fitz. Good sir, for my sake.

Colo. Faith, I haue done, Cuz,
You doe too hastily belieue mine anger,
And yet to say, deminiting valour
In a souldier is no cause of quarrell.

Russ. Nay then Ile remoue the cause to kill th'effect:
Kinsman, Ile presse you toot, if either loue
Or consanguinity may moue you toot,
I must disarm you, though ye are a souldier,
Pray grant me your weapon, it shall be safe
At your regresse from my house, now I know
No words can moue this noble souldiers sword
To a man vndefensit so, we shall parle,
And safely make all perfect friends agen.

Colo. To shew my will sir, accept mine to you,
As good not weare it, as not dare to vse it.

Colo. friend. Nay then sir, we will be all exampled,
Weele haue no Armes here now, but louers armes.

Capt. friend.

A Faire Quarrell.

Capt. friend. No seconds must begin a quarrell,
Take mine sir.

Ruff. Why Loe, what a fine Sun shines here ? these
clouds my breath has blowne into another Climate,
He be your armourers, they are not paund,
These were the fish that I did angle for,
I haue caught 'vm finely, now for my trick,
My proic&t's lusty, and will hit the nick. *Exit with weapons.*

Colo. What, ist a match beauty? I would now haue
Aliance with my worthy Captaine *Ager*,
To knit our loues the faster; heres witnes
Enough if you confirme it now.

Iane. Sir, my voyce,
Was long since giuen, since that I gaue my hand.

Colo. Would you had seald too,

Iane. That wish comes too late,
For I too soone feare my deliery: *(aside)*
My fathets hand stickes yet, sir, you may now
Challenge a lawfull interest in his,
He took your hand from your enraged blood,
And gaue it freely to your opposite
My Cozen *Ager*, me thinks you should claime from him,
In the kisse qualitie of calmer blood,
To ioyne the hands of two diuided friends,
Euen these two that would offer willingly
Their owne embrace.

Capt. friend. Troth, she instructs you well
Colonell: and you shall doe a louers part,
worth one braue act of valour.

Colo. Why, I did
misdoubt no scruple, is there doubt in it ?

Fitz. Faith sir, delaies, which at the least are doubts,
But heres a constant resolution fixt,
Which we wish willingly he would accord to.

Colo. Tush, he shall doot, I will not be denyed,
He owes me so much in the recompence
of my reconciliation, Captaine *Ager*,
You will take our parts against your Vncle

A Faire Quarrell.

In this quarrell ?

Ager. I shall doe my best, fir,
Two denialls shall not repulse me, I loue
Your worthy kinsman and wish him mine, I know
He doubts it not. *Colo.* See, hee's retuind.

Enter Russell and a Seruant.

Russ. Your qu.

Be sure you keepe it, twill be spoken quickly,
Therefore watch it. *Colo.* Lets set on him all at
Omnes. Sir, we haue a sute to you. (once.

Russ. What? all at once. *Omnes.* All. all, ifaith, fir.

Russ. On speaker may yet deliuer, say, say,
I shall not dare to stand out against so many,

Colo. Faith fir heeres a brabling matter hangs on demur,
I make the motion for all, without a fee
Pray you let it be ended this Terme.

Russ. Ha, ha, ha.

Thats the rascalls qu, and he has mist it. *a side.*
What is it ? what is it fir?

Colo. Why fir, here's a man ;
And heer's a woman; y'are scholler good enough,
Put 'am together, and tell me what it spells,

Russ. Ha, ha, ha, theres his qu once agen.

Enter Seruant.

Oh hees come, humh :

Seru. My master laughs, that's his qu to mischief,

Colo. What say you, fir

Seru. Sir. *Russ.* Ha ? what say you fir ? (you,

Seru. Sir, theres a couple desire speedily to speake with

Russ. A couple fir, of what, hounds, or horses ?

Ser. Men fir, getlemen or yeomen, I know not which ;
But the one sure they are.

Russ. Hast thou no other description of them.

Seru. They come with commission, they say, fir to
tast of your earth: if they like it, theyle turne it into
gunpender.

Russ. Oh, they are Salt-peetermen, before mee
And they bring commission: the kings power indeed

They

A Faire Quarrell.

They must haue entrance, but the knaues will be brib'd,
Theres all the hope we haue in Officers,
They were to dangerous in a common wealth,
But that they will be very well corrupted, necessary varlets,

Ser. Shall I enter in sir?

Russ. By all faire meanes sir.

And with all speed sir, giue vm very good words,
To saue my ground vnrauisht, vnbroke vp,
Mines yet a virgin earth: the worme hath not beene scene,
To wringle in her chaste bowells: and Ide be loth
A Gunpowder fellow should defloure her now.

Colo. Our suit is yet delai'd by this meanes sir,

Russ. Alas I cannot helpe it, these fellows gone
(As I hope I shall dispatch vm quickly)
A few Articles shall conclude your suite,
Who? *Mr. Fitzallen*: the onely man
That my adoption aymes at. *Colo.* Theres good hope then.

Enter two Sergeants in disguise.

1 Ser. Saue you, sir,

Russ. You are welcome sir for ought I know yet,

2 Ser. We come to take a view & tast of your ground, sir,

Russ. I had rather feed you with better meate, Gentleinen,
But doe your pleasures pray.

1. This is our pleasures, we arrest you, sir, in the Kings name

Fiz. Ha! at whose suite? *Russ.* Howe's that?

Colo. Our weapons, good sir furnish vs. *Iane.* Aye me,

Russ. Stay stay, Gentlemen, lets enquire the cause,
It may be but a trifle, a small debt,
Shall need to rescue heere.

2. Sir betwixt three Creditors: *Mr. Leach*, *Mr. Swallow*,
and *Mr. Bonesucke*, the debts are a thousand pounds.

Russ. A thousand pounds?
Besheew me a good mans substance.

Colo. Good sir our weapons, weele teach these var-
lets to walke in their owne parti coulour'd Coates,
that they may be distinguish't from honest men

1. Ser. Sir, attempt no rescue, hee's our prisoner,
youle make the danger worse by violence.

A Faire Quarrell.

Colo. A plague vpon your Gunpowder treason;
Ye quick dambd Varrats, is this your salt peter prouing,
Your tasting earth, would you might neuer feed better,
Nor none of your Catchpole tribe:
Our weapons good sir, wee le yet deliuer him.

Ruff. Pardon me sir,
I dare not suffer rescue here,
At least not by so great an accessary
As to furnish you; had you had your weapons,
But to see the ill fate ont, my fine trick I faith,
Let beggers beware to loue rich mens daughters,
He teach'um the new morrice, I learnt it
My selfe of another carefull Father.

Fitz. May I not be bayld?

2. Ser. Yes, but not with swords.

Colo. Slaves, here are sufficient men.

1. Ser. I, ith field,

But not in the City: Sir, if this Gentleman
Will be one, wee le easily admit the second.

Ruff. Who I? sir, pray pardon me; I am wrongd,
Very much wrongd in this, I must needs speak it,
Sir, you haue not dealt like an honest Louer,
With me nor my child, here you boast to me
Of a great reueneue, a large substance
Wherein you would endow & state my daughter,
Had I mist this, my opinion yet
Thought you a frugall man, to vnderstand
The sure wards against all necessities,
Boldly to defend your wife and Family,
To walk vnmuffled, dreadles of these flesh-hooks,
Euen in the daringst streets through all the City,
But now I find you a loose Prodigall,
A large vnthrif, a whole thousand pound?
Come from him girle, his inside is not sound?

Fitz. Sir, I am wrongd,
These are malicious plots,
Of some obscure enemies that I haue,
These debts are none of mine.

Ruff. I, all say so,

A Faire Quarrell.

Perhaps you stand engag'd for other men,
If so you doe, you must then cal't your owne,
The like arrerage doe I run into
Should I bayle you; But I haue vow'd against it,
And I will keepe my vowes: that's religious,

Fitz. All this is nothing so fir.

Ruff. Nothing so?

By my faith it is fir, my vowes are firme,

Fitz. I neither owe these debts,
Nor engag'd for others.

Ruff. The easier is your liberty regain'd,
These appeare proofes to me,

Colo. Liberty sir?

I hope youle not see him goe to Prison,

Ruff. I doe not meane to beare him company
So far: but Ile see him out of my doores,
Oh sir, let him goe to Prison, 'tis a Schoole
To tame wild bloods, heele be much better fort.

Colo. Better for lying in Prison,

Ruff. In Prison,
Beleeue it many an honest man lies in Prison,
Else all the Keepers are knaues,
They told me so themselves.

Colo. Sir, I doe now suspect you haue betrayd him,
And vs to cause vs to be weaponlesse,
If it be so y'are a blood sucking Churle,
One that was borne in a great frost, when charity
Could not stir a finger, and you shall dye
In heate of a burning feauer i'th Dog-dayes,
To begin your hell to you, I haue said your grace for you,
Now get you to supper as soone as you can,
Pluto the Maister of the house is set already,

Capt. Sir you doe wrong mine Vncle.

Colo. Poxe on your Vncle,
And all his kin, if my Kinsman mingle
No blood with him.

Capt. Y'are a foule mouthd fellow,

Colo. Foule mouth'd I will be, th'art the son of a whore,

A Faire Quarrell.

Ha ! Whore ! plagues and furies Ile thrust that backe,
Or pluck thy heart out after, sonne of a whore ?

Colo. On thy life Ile proue it.

Capt. Death I am naked,

Vncle, Ile giue you my left hand, for my sword,
To arme my right with; Oh this fire will flame me
Into present ashes,

Colo. Sir, giue vs Weapons,

We aske our owne, you will not rob vs of them ?

Ruff. No sir. but still reſtraine your furies heere,
At my dore Ile giue you them, nor, at this time
My Nephewes, a time will better ſuit you,
And I muſt tell you ſir, you haue ſpoke ſwordes,
And 'gainſt the law of armes poiſon'd blades
And with them wounded the reputation
Of an vnblemish't woman: would you were out of my dores.

Colo. Poxe on your dores, and let it run all your hope ore.
Giue me my ſword.

Capt. We ſhall meet *Colonel* ?

Colo. Yes better provided, to ſpur thee more,
I do repeat thy words, Son of a Whore. *Exit with his friend.*

Capt. fr. Come ſir, 'tis no worſe then 'twas :
You can doe nothing now. *Exit Capt. and his friend.*

Ruff. No, Ile bar him now, away with that beggar, *Exit.*

Iane. Good ſir, let this perſwade you for two minutes ſtay
At this priſe (I know) you can wait all day.

1. Ser. You know the Remora that ſtaies our ſhip alwaies.

Iane. Your ſhip ſinkes many when this hold lets goe,
Oh my *Fitzallen* what is to be done,

Fitz. To be ſtill thine is all my part to be,
Whether in freedome or captiuitie,

Iane. But art thou ſo engag'd as this pretends ?

Fitz. By heauen, ſweet *Iane* 'tis all a helliſh plot
Your cruell ſmiling father all this while,
Has candied o're a bitter pill for me,
Thinking by my remoue to plant ſome other,
And then let goe his fangs:

Iane. Plant ſome other ?

Thou

A Faire Quarrell.

Thou hast too firmly stamp't me for thine owne,
Euer to be rapt out, I am not curraut
In any others hand ; I feare too soone
I shall discouer it.

Fitz. Let come the worst,
Binde but this knot with an vnloosed line,
I will be still thine owne.

Iane. And Ile be thine.

1. Ser. My Watch has gone two minutses M.

Fitz. It shall not be renew'd, I goe sir, farewell.

Ia. Farewell, we both are prison'd, though not together:
But heers the difference in our luckelesse chance.
I feare mine owne, with thy deliuerance.

Fitz. Our hearts shall hourelly visit, ile send to thee. *Exit.*
Then tis no prison where the mind is free. *Fitz. with Officers.*

Enter Russell.

Russ. So, let him goe now wench I bring thee ioyes,
A faire sun-shine after this angry storme:
It was my pollicie to remoue this begger:
What shall rich men wed their onely daughters
To two faire suites of cloathes? and perhaps yet
The poore Taylor is vnpaid; no, no my girl,
I haue a lad of thousands comming in;
Suppose he haue more wealth th'n wit to guid it:
Why, theres thy gaines, thou kep't the keyes of all
Dispos'est all: and for generation,
Man does most sildome stampe 'um from the braine,
Wisemen begets fooles, and fooles are the fathers
To many wise Children. *Histeron, Proteron,*
A great scholler may beget an Ideot,
And from the plow tayle may come a great scholler:
Nay, they are frequent propagations.

Iane. I am not well, sir.

Russ. Ha? not well my girl?
Thou shalt haue a Physitian then;
The best that gold can fetch vpon his foot cloath.
Thou knowest my tender pittie to thee euer,

A Faire Quarrell.

Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
To call for, 'fore mee, and thou look'st halfe ill indeed,
But Ile bring one within a day to thee
Shall rouse thee vp : for hees come vp already,
One M. Chaugh a Cornish Gentleman :
Has as much land of his owne fee-simple,
As a Crow can flie ouer in halfe a day :
And now I thinke on't, at the Crow at Algate
His longing is : He shall so stir thee vp,
Come, come, be cheard, thinke of thy preferment,
Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health
And the way to 'um is to clime by wealth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Captaine Ager.

Capt. The Sonne of a Whore ?
There is not such another murdring piece
In all the stocke of Calumny : it kills
At one report two reputations,
A mothers and a Sonnes : if it were possible
That soules could fight after the bodies fell,
This were a quarrell for 'em ; he should be one indeed
That neuer heard of heauens ioyes, or hels torments
To fight this out: I am too full of conscience,
Knowledge and patience, to gine Iustice too't,
So carefull of my Eternity, which consists
Of vpright actions : that vnlesse I knew
It were a truth I stood for, any Coward
Might make my breast his footepace, and who liues
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More then a mothers carriage makes it hopefull.
And i't not miserable valour then,
That man should hazard all vpon things doubtfull
Oh there's the crueltie of my foes aduantage,

Could

A Faire Quarrell.

Could but my soule resolute my cause were iust,
Earth's mountaine, nor seas surge should hide him from mee,
Ee'ne to hells threshold would I follow him,
And see the slanderer in before I lost him,
But as it is it feares me, and I neuer
Appeard to conscionably iust till now :
My good opinion of her life and Vertues,
Bids me goe on : and faine would I be rul'd by't,
But when my iudgement tels me shees but woman,
Whose frailtie to let in death to all mankind,
My valour shrinkes at that, certaine shees good,
There onely wants but my assurance in't,
And all things then were perfect, how I thirst for't,
Heere comes the onely shee that could resolute,
But 'tis too vild a question to demand indeed.

Enter the Lady Ager.

La. Sonne I'ue a suite to you.

Capt. That may doe well.

To me good Madame, you're most sure to speed in't.
Beet it my power to grant it,

La. Tis my loue
Makes the request, that you would neuer part
From *England* more,

Capt. With all my heart tis graunted,
I'me sure I'me i'th way neuer to part from't,

La. Where lest you your deare friend the Colonel ?

Capt. Oh the deare Colonel, I should meet him soone,

La. Oh faile him not then, hees a Gentleman
The same and reputation of your time
Is much engag'd to.

Capt. Yes, and you knew all mother.

La. I thought I'd knowne so much of his faire goodnes,
More could not haue bin look't for.

Capt. O yes, yes Madam.
And this his last exceeded all the rest.

La. For gratitudes sake let me know this, I pre thee.

Capt. Then thus, and I desire your censure freely,
Whether it appeard not a strange noble kindnes in him.

A Faire Quarrell.

Lady. Trust me I long to hear't,

Capt. You know hees hasty,
That by the way.

Lady. So are the best conditions
Your Father was the like.

Capt. I begin now
To doubt me more, why am not I so too then,
Blood followes blood through forty generations,
And I'ue a slow pact' wrath, a shrewd *Dilemma*,

Lady. Well, as you were saying sir,

Capt. Marry thus good Madame,
There was in company a foule mouth'd villaine, stay, stay,
Who should I liken him to, that you haue seene,
He comes so neere one that I would not match him with,
Faith iust a'th Colonels pitch, hees nere the worse man,
Vserers haue bin compard to Magistrates,
Extortioners to Lawyers, and the like,
But they all proue nere the worse men for that,

Lady. Thats bad enough, they need not,

Capt. This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breaths from the rottenes of his gall and mallice,
The foulest staine that euer mans fame blemisht,
Part of which fell vpon your honor Madame,
Which heighthend my affliction.

Lady. Mine? my honor sir?

Capt. The Colonel soone inrag'd,
(As hees all touch-wood)
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrell his,
Appoynts the Field, my wrath could not be heard
His was so high pitcht, so gloriously mounted,
Now whats the friendly feare, that fights within mee,
Should his braue noble Fury vndertake,
A cause that were vniust in our defence,
And so to loose him euerlastingly,
In that darke depth where all bad quarrells sinke,
Neuer to rise againe, what pitty twere,
First to dye heere and neuer to dye there.

Lady

A Faire Quarrell.

Lady. Why whats the quarrel, speak fir: that should raise
Such fearefull doubt, my honour bearing part on't:

The words what ere they were: *Capt.* Son of a whore.

La. Thou lyeſt, & were my loue ten thousand times more
Which is as much now, as ere mothers was, (to thee,
So thou ſhouldſt feed my anger. Doſt thou call
That quarrel doubtfull? where are all my merits, *Strikes*
Not one ſtand vp to tell this man his error. *him.*
Thou might'ſt as well bring the Sun's truth in queſtion,
As thy birth, or my honour.

Capt. Now bleſſing crowne you for't,
It is the ioyful'ſt blow that ere fleſh felt.

Lady. Nay ſtay, ſtay fir, thou art not left ſo ſoone,
This is no queſtion to be ſlighted of,
And at your pleaſure cloſe vp fayre agen,
As though you'de neuer toucht it, no honour doubted,
Is honour deeply wounded, and it rages
More then a common ſmart, being of thy making.
For thee to feare my truth, it kills my comfort,
Where ſhould fame ſeek for her reward, when he
That is her owne by the great tye of bloud,
Is fardeſt off in bounty, O poore goodnes!
That only pay'ſt thy ſelfe with thy owne works,
For nothing elſe looks towards thee. Tell me pray,
Which of my louing cares doſt thou requite
With this vilde thought? which of my prayers or wiſhes
Many thou oweſt me for, this ſeauen year haſt thou knowne
A widdow, onely married to my vow: (me
Thats no ſmall witneſſe of my faith and loue
To him that in life was thy honord Father,
And liue I now to know that good miſtruſted.

Capt. No, t'ſhall appeare that my beliefe is cheerefull,
For neuer was a mothers reputation
Noblyer defended, tis my ioy and pride,
I haue a firme to beſtow vpon it.

Lady. Whats that you ſaid fir?

Capt. Twere too bold, and ſoone yet

A Faire Quarrell.

To craue forgiveness of you. I will earne it ~~first~~,
Dead or alieue, I know I shall enioy it.

Lady. Whats all this sir?

Capt. My ioyes beyond expresseion :
I doe but thinke how wretched I had been,
Were this anothers quarrell, and not mine.

Lady. Why, is it yours?

Capt. Mine ! Thinke me not so miserable,
Not to be mine : then were I worse then abiect,
More to be loathde then vilenes ; or sins dunghill :
Nor did I feare your goodnes (faithfull Madame)
But came with greedie ioy to be confirme in't,
To giue the nobler onset, then shines valour,
And admiration from her fixt Sphere draws,
When it comes burnisht with a righteous cause,
Without which I'me ten fadomes vnder coward,
That now am ten degrees aboue a man,
Which is but one of vertues easiest wonders.

Lady. But pray stay ; all this while I vnderstood you,
The Colonell was the man.

Capt. Yes, hee's the man ;
The man of iniury, reproach and slander,
Which I must turne into his soule again.

Lady. The Colonell doo't, thats strange.

Capt. The villaine did it :
Thats not so strange ; --- your blessing and your leane.

Lady. Come, come, you shall not goe.

Capt. Not goe ; were death
Sent now to summon me to my Eternity,
I'de put him off an howre : why the whole world
Ha's not chains strong enough to bind me from't :
The strongest is my Reuerence to you,
Which if you force vpon me in this case ;
I must be forc't to breake it.

Lady. Stay I say.

Capt. In any thing command me, but in this Madame.

Lady. Lasse, I shall loose him, you'll heare me first.

Capt.

A Faire Quarrell.

Capt. At my returne I will.

Lady. You'l'e neuer heare me more then.

Capt. How ?

Lady. Come backe I say :

You may well thinke theres cause I call so often.

Capt. Hah, cause ! what cause ?

Lady. So much, you must not goe.

Capt. How ?

Lady. You must not goe.

Capt. Must not, why ?

Lady. I know a reason for't,

Which I could wish you'd yeeld to, and not know,

If not, it must come forth. Faith, do not know,

And yet obey my will.

Capt. Why I desire

To know no other then the cause I haue,

Nor should you wish it, if you take your iniury

For one more great, I know the world includes not.

Lady. Yes, one that makes this nothing, -- yet be rulde,

And if you vnderstand not, seeke no further.

Capt. I must, for this is nothing.

Lady. Then take all,

And if amongst it you receiue that secret

That will offend you, though you condemne me,

Yet blame your selfe a little, for perhaps

I would haue made my reputation sound,

Vpon an others hazard with lesse pittie ;

But vpon yours I dare not.

Capt. How ?

Lady. I dare not,

'Twas your owne seeking ; this.

Capt. If you meane euilly

I cannot vnderstand you, nor for all the riches

This life has, would I. *La.* Would you neuer might.

Capt. Why, your goodnes, that I ioy to fight for.

Lady. In that you neither right your ioy nor me.

Capt. What an ill Orator has vertue or here ?

A Faire Quarrell.

Why, shall I dare to thinke it a thing possible
That you were euer false?

Lady. Oh fearefully!

As much as you come to.

Capt. Oh silence, couer me.

I'ue felt a deadlier wound then man can giue me, false?

Lady. I was betrayde to a most sinfull howre

By a corrupted soule I put in trust once,

A Kinswoman.

Capt. Where is she? let me pay her.

Lady. Oh! dead long since.

Capt. Nay, then sh'as all her wages:

False, do not say't, for honors goodnes doe not,

You neuer could be so, he I calde Father,

Deserud you at your best, when youth and merit

Could boast at highest in you, y'ade no grace,

Or vertue that he matcht not, no delight

That you inuented, but he sent it crownde

To your full wishing soule.

Lady. That heapes my guiltinesse.

Capt. Oh, were you so vnhappy to be false,

Both to your selfe and me, but to me chiefly,

What a dayes hope is here lost, and with it

The ioyes of a iust cause? Had you but thought

On such a noble quarrell, you'd ha dyed

Ere you'd ha yeelded, for the sins hate first,

Next for the shame of this howres cowardize:

Curst be the heate that lost me such a cause,

A worke that I was made for. Quench my spirit,

And out with honors flaming lights within thee:

Be darke and dead to all respects of manhood,

I neuer shall haue vse of valour more:

Put off your vow for shame, why should you hoarde vp

Such Iustice for a barren widdow hood,

That was so iniurious to the faith of wedlocke. *Exit Lady.*

I should be dead, for all my lifes workes ended,

I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage

The

A Faire Quarrell.

The noble resolution of my friends,

Enter two friends of Captaine Agers.

That were more vilde. They'r here, kill me my shame,
I am not for the fellowship of honour.

1. *Friend.* Captaine, fie, come sir, we haue been seeking for
Very late to day, this was not wont to be, (you
Your enemies ith field,

Capt. Truth enters cheerefully.

2. *Friend.* Good faith sir y'au'e a royall quarrell ont;

Capt. Yes, in some other Country, *Spaine or Italy.*

It would be held so.

1. *Friend.* How, and ist not here so?

Capt. Tis not so contumeliously receiue
In these parts, and you marke it,

1. *Friend.* Not in these?
Why prithee what is more; or can be

Capt. Yes,
That ordinary Commotioner the lye

Is father of most quarrels in this Clymate,
And held here capitall, and you go to that.

2. *Friend.* But sir, I hope you will not go to that,
Or change your owne for it, *Sonne of a Whore,*

Why theres the Lye downe to posterity.

The lye to brith, the lye to honesty,

Why would you couzen your selfe so, and beguile

So braue a cruse, Manhoods best Master peece,

Doe you euer hope for one so braue agen,

Capt. Consider then the man Colonell,

Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,

How euer spleene and rage abuses him:

And tis not well, nor manly to pursue

A mans infirmity.

1. *Friend.* O miracle!

So hpefull, valiant and compleate a Captaine,

Possest with a tame deuill, come out, thou spoilest

The most improude yong souldier of seuen kingdomes,

Made Captaine at nineteene, which was deserude

A Faire Quarrell.

The yeare before, but honor comes behind still,
Come out I say, this was not wont to be,
That spirit neuer stood in need of prouocation,
Nor shall it now. Away sir.

Capt. Vrgeme not.

1. Friend. By Manhoods reuerend honor but we must.

Capt. I will not fight a stroake.

1. Friend. O blasphemy

To sacred valour!

Capt. Lead me where you list.

1. Fr. Pardon this trayterous slumber, clogd with euils.

Giue Captaines rather wines then such tamed dict.

Exeunt.

Enter Physitian and Iane.

Ph. Nay Master, you must not be couer'd to me,
The Patient must ope to the Physitian
All her dearest sorrow : Art is blinded else,
And cannot shew her mysticall effects.

Iane. Can Art be so dim sighted, learned sir ?
I did not thinke her so incapacious :
You traine me (as I guesse) like a Coniurer,
One of our fine Oraculous wizards,
Who from the help of his Examinant,
By the neare guesse of his suspicion
Appoints out the thiefe by the markes he tels him :
Haue you no skill in Phisiognomie :
What colour (sayes your coat) is my disease ?
I am vnmarried, and it cannot be yellow,
If it be Mayden greene, you cannot misse it.

Ph. I cannot see that *vacuum* in your blood :
But Gentlewoman, if you loue your selfe,
Loue my aduise, be free and plaine with me,
Where lyes your grieve ?

Ian. Where lyes my grieve indeed ?
I cannot tell the truth where my grieve lyes,
But my ioy's imprison'd. *Ph.* This is mysticall.

Ian. Lord, what plaine questions you make problemes of,
Your

A Faire Quarrell.

Your Art is such a regular high way,
That put you out of it, and you are lost :
My heart is imprison'd in my body, sit
Theres all my ioy, and my sorrow too,
Lyes very neere it.

Ph. They are bad adiuncts,
Your ioy and grieve lying so neare together,
Can propagate no happy issue, remoue
The one (and let it be the worst) your grieve,
If you'l propose the best vnto your ioy.

Ian. Why, now comes your skill : what physicke for it ?

Ph. Now I haue found you out, you are in loue.

Ian. I thinke I am, whats your appliance now ?

Can all your Paracelsian mixtures cure it,

'T must be a Surgeon of the Ciuill Law,

I feare that must cure me.

Phy. Gentlewoman,
If you knew well my heart, you would not be
So circular, the very common name
Of Physitian might reprove your nicenesse,
We are as secret as your Confessors,
And as firme oblig'd, tis a fine like death
For vs to blab.

Iane. I will trust you, yet sir,
I had rather doe it by Atturney to you,
I else haue blushes that will stop my tongue,
Haue you no friend so friendly as your selfe
Of mine owne Sexe, to whom I might impart
My sorrowes to you at the second hand.

Phy. Why law, there I hit you, and be confirme,
He giue you such a bosome counsellour,
That your owne tongue shall be sooner false to you,
Make your selfe vnreadie, and be naked to her :
He fetch her presently.

Exit Physitian.

Iane. I must reuale
My shame will else take tongue, and speake before me,
Tis a necessitie impulsive drives me :

Oh.

A Faire Quarrell.

Oh my hard fate : but my more hard father,
That Father of my fate, a father said I ?
What a strange Paradoxe I run into,
I must accuse two fathers of my fate
And fault, a reciprocall generation,
The father of my fault would haue repairde
His faulty issue, but my Fates father hinders it :
Then Fate and fault, where euer I begin,
I must blame both, and yet 'twas loue did sinne.

Enter Physitian, and Anne his sister.

Phy. Looke you Mistres, heres's your closet put in,
What you please, you euer keep the key of it.

Iane. Let me speake priuate, sir.

Phy. Withall my heart,
I will be more then mine eares length from you.
Iane. You hold some indeared place with this Gent.

An. Hee's my brother forsooth, I his creature,
He does command me any lawfull office
Either in act or counsell.

Iane. I must not doubt you,
Your brother ha's protested secreisie,
And strengthened me in you : I must lay ope
A guilty sorrow to you : I am with child,
Tis no blacke Swan I shew you, these spots sticke
Vpon the face of many goe for maides,
I that had face enough to doe the deed,
Cannot want tongue enough to speake it : but tis to you,
Whom I accept my helper.

Anne. Mistris, tis lock't
Within a Castle thar'inuincible,
It is too late to wish it were vndone.

Ia. I haue scarce a wish within my selfe so strong
For vnderstand me, tis not all so ill,
As you may yet conceit it : this deed was done
When heauen had witnes to the Iugall knot,

Onely

A Faire Quarrell.

Onely the barren ceremonie wants.
Which by an aduerse Father is abridged.

Anne. Would my pittie could helpe you.

Iane. Your counsell may.

My Father yet shootes widest from my sorrow,
And with a care indulgent seeing me chang'd
From what I was, sends for your good brother
To find my grieve, and practise remedie:
You know it, giue it him, but if a fourth
Be added to this counsell: I will say
Ye' are worse then you can call me at the worst,
At this aduantage of my reputation.

Anne. I will reuine a reputation,
That women long has lost, ile keepe counsell.
Ile onely now oblige my teeth to you,
And they shall bite the blabber if it offer
To breath on an offending syllable.

Iane. I trust you, go, whisper, here comes my Father.

Enter Russell, Changh, and Trimtram.

Russ. Sir, you are welcome, more, and most welcome,
All the degrees of welcome: thrice welcome sir.

Chaw. Is this your daughter, sir?

Russ. Mine onely ioy sir.

Chaw. Ile shew her the Cornish hug, sir,--I haue kist
you now sweet heart, and I neuer doe any kindnesse to
my friendes, but I vse to hitte'am in the teeth with it pre-
sently.

Trim. My name is *Trimtram* forsooth, looke what my ma-
ster does, I vse to doe the like.

Anne. You are deceiurd; sir, I am not this Gentlewomans
seruant, to make your courtesie equall.

Chaw. You doe not know me Mistr esse.

Iane. No indeed; I doubt I shall learne too soone.

Chaw. My name is *Changh*, a Cornish Gentleman, my
mans mine owne countriman too yfaith: I warrant, you
tooke vs for some of the small *Islanders*.

Iane. I did indeed, betweene the *Scotch* and *Irish*.

A Faire Quarrell.

Cham. Red-shankes? I thought so by my truth, no truly,
we are right Cornish Diamonds.

Trim. Yes, we cut out quarrels, and breake glasses, where

Ph. If it be hidden from her Father, yet (we goe.
His ignorance vnderstands well his knowledge,
For this (I guesse to be some rich coxcombe)
Hee'de put vpon his daughter.

An. Thats plainely so.

Ph. Then only shee's beholding to our helpe
For the close deliuerie of her burden,
Else all's ouerthrowne.

An. And pray be faithfull in that, fir.

Ph. Tush, we Physitians are the truest
Alchymists, that the ore and drosse of sinne,
Can new distill a Mayden-head agen.

Ruff. How doe you like her fir?

Cham. Troth I doe like her fir in the way of comparison,
to any thing that a man would desire. I am as high as the
Mount in loue with her already, and thats as far as I can go
by land but I hope to go further by water with her one day.

Ruff. I tell you fir, she has lost some colour,
By wrastring with a peeuisish sickenes now of late.

Cham. Wrastring? nay and she loue wrastring, Ile teach her
a trick to ouerthrow any peeuisish sicknes in London, what
ere it bee.

Ruff. Well, she had a rich beautie though I say't,
Nor is it lost: a little thing repayres it.

Cham. Shee shall commaund the best thing that I haue in
yfaith. *(Middlesex,*

Ruff. Well fir, talke with her, giue her a relish
Of your good liking to her, you shall haue time
And free accesse to finish what you now begin,

Iane. What meanes my father? my loues vniust restraint,
My shame were it publiht, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious foole:
Now I see why he hated my Fitz-Allen.

Cham. Sweet Lady, your father sayes you are a wrastring,
if

A Faire Quarrell.

if you loue that sport, I loue you the better. Ifaith I loue it as well as I loue my meate after supper, tis indeed meate, drinke and cloth to me.

Iane. Me thinkes it should teare your clothes, sir.

Cham. Not a rag yfaith : *Trimtram* hold my cloake, -- Ile wrastle a fall with you now, Ile show you a tricke that you neuer saw in your life.

Iane. Oh good sir forbear, I am no wrastler.

Ph. Good sir take heed, you'le hurt the Gentlewoman.

Cham. I will not catch beneath the waste belieue it, I know fayre play.

Iane. Tis no womans exercise in *London*, sir.

Cham. Ile nere belieue that, the hug and the locke betweene man and woman, with a faire fall, is as sweete an exercise for the bodie, as you'le desire in a sommers cuening.

Ph. Sir, the Gentlewoman is not well.

Cham. It may be you are a Physitian, sir.

Ph. Tis so, sir.

Cham. I say then, and ile stand too't, three ounces of wrastling with two hippes, a yard of a greene gowne put toghther in the Intourne, is as good a medicine for the greene sicknesse as euer breath.

Trim. Come sir, take your cloake agen, I see here will be nere a match.

Iane. A match ? I'de rather bee matcht from a Muskets mouth, and shot vnto my death.

Cham. Ile wrastle with any man for a good supper.

Trim. I marry sir, ile take your part there, catch that catch

Ph. Sir, she is willing too't. There at my house, (may. She shall be priuate, and neare to my attendance, I know you'l not mistrust my faithfull care, I shall returne her soone and perfectly.

Russ. Take your charge sir, go with this gentleman (*Iane*) But prithee looke well this way, ere thou go'st, 'Tis a rich Simplicitie of great Estare : A thing that will be rul'd, and thou shalt rule, Consider of your sexes generall ayme.

A Faire Quarrell.

That domination is a womans heauen.

Iane. Ile thinke on't fir.

Ruff. My daughter is retiring, fir.

Chaw. I will part at *Dartmouth* with her, fir, Oh that thou didst but loue wrastring, I would giue any man three foiles on that condition.

Trim. There's three sorts of men that would thanke you for 'um, either Cutlers, Fencers, or Players.

Ruff. Sir as I began, I end, wondrous welcome.

Exit Ruff. Iane. Phys. Ann.

Trim. What will you goe to schoole to day? you are entered you know: and your quarterige runs on.

Chaw. What? to the roaring schoole? pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise, I shall neuer attaine it neither: I doe wonder they haue neuer a Wrastring Schoole, that were worth twentie of your Fencing or Dancing Schooles.

Trim. Wel you must learne to roare here in *London*, you'll neuer proceed in the reputation of Gallantrie else.

Chaw. How long ha's roaring beene an exercise, thinkest thou *Trimtram*:

Trim. Euer since Guns came vp; the first was your roaring

Ch. Meg? Then 'twas a woman was the first roarer: (*Meg.*

Trim. I, a fire of her tuch-hole, that cost many a proper mans life since that time: and then the Lyons they learn't it from the Guns, liuing so neare 'um, then it was heard to the Banckeside, and the Beares they beganne to roare: then the boyes got it, and so euer since there haue beene a company of roaring boyes.

Chaw. And how long will it last, thinkest thou?

Trim. As long as the water runs vnder *London Bridge*, or Watermen at *Westminster* stayres.

Chaw. Well, I will beginne to roare too, since it is in fashion. Oh *Corineus*, this was not in thy time, I should haue heard on't by the tradition of mine Ancestors (for I'me sure there were *Chambers* in thy daies) if it had beene so, when *Hercules* and thou wert on the *Olimpicke* mount together, then was wrastring in request.

Trim.

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. I. and that Mount is now the Mount in *Cornwall*.
Corisaeus brought it thither vnder one of his arms, they say.

Chaw. Oh *Corineus* my predecessor : that I had but liu'd
in those dayes to see thee wrastle, on that condition I had
dyed seuen yeare ago.

Trim. Nay it should haue beene a dozen at least, y^efaith, on
that condition. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Captaine Ager, with his two friends.

Capt. Well, your wills now.

1. Our Wills ? our Loues, our Duties
To honord Fortitude : What wills haue we
But your desires to Noblenesse and Merit ?
Valours aduancement, and the sacred Rectitude
Due to a valourous cause.

Capt. Oh thats not mine.

2. Warre ha's his court of Iustice, that's the field,
Where all castes of Manhood are determine,
And your case is no meane one.

Capt. True, then 'twere vertuous :
But mine is in extreames, fowle and vniust :
Well, now y^eauc got me hither, y^eare as far
To seeke in your desire, as at first minute :
For by the strength and honor of a vow,
I will not lift a finger in this quarrell.

1. How ? not in this ? be not so rash a sinner :
Why sir, doe you euer hope to fight agen then
Take heede on't, you must neuer looke for that,
Why the vniuersall stocke of the worlds iniurie,
Will be too poore to find a quarrell for you :
Giue vp your right and title to desert, sir,
If you faile vertue here, she needes you not :
All your time after, let her take this wrong,
And neuer presume then to serue her more :

A Faire Quarrell.

Bid farewell to the integritie of armes,
And let that honourable name of Souldier
Fall from you like a shiuered wreath of Lawrell
By Thunder stricke from a desertlesse forehead,
That weares anothers right by vsurpation.
Good Captaine, do not wilfully cast away
At one houre all the fame your life has won :
This is your natiue seate, here you would seeke
Most to preserue it, or if you should doate
So much on life (poore life) which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkenesse)
That you will proue neglectfull of your selfe,
Which is to me too fearefull to imagine,
Yet for that vertuous Ladies cause (your mother)
Her Reputation, deere to Noblenesse
As grace to penitence, whose sayre memorie,
Een crownes fame in your issue, for that blessednesse,
Giue not this ill place, but in spite of hell,
And all her base feares, be exactly valiant,

Capt. Oh--o--o

2. Why, well said, theres sayre hope in that,
Another such a one.

Capt. Came they in thousands ?
Tis all against you.

1. Then poore friendlesse merite,
Heauen be good to thee, thy professor leaues thee :

Enter Colonell and his two friends.

Hee's comd, do but you draw, wee'le fight it for you.

Capt. I know too much to grant that.

1. O dead manhood !

Had euer such a cause so faint a seruant ?

Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him.

Colo. I'ue heard sir, ya'ue bin guiltie of much boasting,
For your braue earlines at such a meeting,
Ya'ue lost the glorie of that way this morning :
I was the first day.

Capt. So were you euer.

A Faire Quarrell.

In my respect fir.

1. O most base *Preludium!*

Capt. I neuer thought on Victory our Mistres
With greater reuerence then I haue your worth,
Nor euer lou'd her better.

1. Slight, I could knocke his braines about his heeles,
mee thinks.

2. Peace, prithee peace.

Capt. Successe in you has beene my absolute ioy, (ship.
And when I haue wisht content, I haue wisht your friend-

1. Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little,
Theres Lawyers bloud in't, you shal see foule geere streight,

2. Come you are as mad now, as hee's cowardous,

Col. I came not hither fir for an *Eucomium*.

1. No, the more Coxcombe he, that clawes the head
Of your vaine glory with't!

Col. I came provided

For Stormes and Tempests, and the fowlest Season
That euer Rage let forth, or blew in wildnesse
From the incensed prison of mans bloud:

Capt. Tis otherwise with me, I come with Mildnesse,
Peace; constant Amitie, and calme Forgiuernes,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

1. Giue me a valiant Turke, though not worth ten pence;

Cap. Yet fir, the world will iudge the iniury mine. (rather.
Insufferable mine, mine beyond iniurie,

Thonfands haue made a lesse wrong reach to hell,

I, and reioycst in his most endlesse vengeance,

(A miserable triumph, though a iust one)

But when I call to memory our long friendship

Me thinks it cannot be too great a wrong.

That then I should not pardon, why should man,

For a poore hasty syllable or two,

(And vented onely in forgetfull fury)

Cheine all the hopes and riches of his soule

To the reuenge of that, dye, lost for euer :

For he that makes his last peace with his Maker

A Faire Quarrell.

In anger, anger is his peace eternally :
He must expect the same returne againe,
VWhose venture is deceitfull. Must he not sir ?

Col. I see what I must do, fairely put vp agen :
Eor here'le be nothing done, I perceiue that.

Cap. VWhat shall be done in such a worthlesse businesse:
But to be sorrie, and to be forgiven.
You sir to bring repentance, and I pardon.

Col. I bring repentance sir ?

Cap. If it be too much

To say Repentance : call it what you please sir :

Chuse your owne word, I know you'r sorrie forr, and thats

Col. I sorrie ? by fames honour, I am wrongd : 'Tas good.
Doe you seeke for peace, and draw the quarrell larger ?

Cap. Then tis : I'me sorrie that I thought you so.

1. A Captaine, I could gnaw his title of.

Cap. Nor is it any misbecomming vertue, sir,
In the best manlines to repent a wrong,

VWhich made me bold with you.

1. I could cuff his head off,

2. Nay : pish.

1. Pox on him, I could eate his buttocke bak't me thinks;

Col. So, once agen take thou thy peacefull rest then,
But as I put thee vp : I must proclaime

This Captaine here, both to his friends and mine,

That onely came to see faire valour righted; *Offers to go*
A base submissiue coward ; so I leaue him. *away.*

Cap. Oh, heauen has pittied my excessiue patience,
And sent me a cause : now I haue a cause :

A coward I was neuer :-- Come you backe sir ?

Col. How ?

Cap. You left a coward here ?

Col. Yes sir, with you.

Cap. Tis such a base mettall sir : twill not be taken,
It must home agen with you.

2. Should this be true now.

1. Impossible, coward do more then bastard ?

Col.

A Faire Quarrell.

Col. I prithee mocke me not, take heed you do not,
For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible,
And rage will force me doe what will grieue honour.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. He smiles, dare it be he? what thinke you Gentlemen?
Your iudgements, shall I not be cussend in him?
This cannot be the man? why he was bookish,
Made an inuectiue lately against fighting,
A thing introth that mou'de a little with me,
Put vp a fowler contumely far
Then thousand cowards came to, and grew thankfull.

Capt. Blessed remembrance in time of need?
I'de lost my honour else.

2. Do you note his ioy?

Capt. I neuer felt a more seuerer necessitie,
Then came thy excellent pittie. Not yet ready?
Haue you such confidence in my iust manhood:
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the tolleration of mans vertue,
Why? would you be more cruell then your iniury?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then thinke me
Not worth your fury, do not vse me so:
I shall deceiue you then: fir, either draw,
And that not sleightingly, but with the care
Of your best preservation; with that watchfulnes,
As you'd defend your selfe from circuler fire,
Your sins rage, or her Lord this will require it,
Or you'll be too soone lost for I'ue an anger
Has gathered mightie strength against you: mightie;
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and Fayre.

Col. I'll ventur'te once agen.
And ist be but as true, as it is wondrous,
I shall haue that I come for; Your leaue Gentlemen.

1. If he should doo't indeed, and deceiues all now:
Stay, by this hand he offers; fights yfaith.
Fights: by this light he fights fir.

A Faire Quarrell.

2. Some thinkes fir.

1. An absolute Punto they.

2. 'Twas a Passado fir.

1. Why let it passe, and 'twas, I'me sure, 'twas fom what.
Whats that now?

2. Thats a Punto.

1. O goe to then,

I knew 'twas not farre off: What a worlds this?

Is coward a more stirring meat then bastard, my Masters?

Put in more egges for shame when you get children,

And make it true Court custard. --Ho? I honor thee:

Tis right and fayre, and he that breathes against it,

He breathes against the iustice of a man,

And man to cut hi n off: tis no iniustice.

Thanks, thanks, for this most vnexpected noblenes.

Capt. Truth neuer fayles her servant, fir, nor leaues him
With the daies shame vpon him.

1. Th'ast redeemde

Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteemde.

Exeunt Captaine and his friends.

Col. 1. Friend. Alasse, how is it fir: giue vs some hope
Of your stay with vs: Let your spirit be seene.

Above your fortune, the best fortitude

Ha's been of Fate ill friended: Now force your Empire,

And raigne above your blood, spite of deiection,

Reduce the Monarchie of your abler mind,

Let not flesh streighten it:

Col. Oh, iust Heauen has found me,

And turnde the strings of my too hastie Iniuries

Into my owne blood, I pursue my ruine,

And vrgde him past the patience of an Angell.

Could mans reuenge extend beyond mans life:

This wo'ld ha' wak't it, If this flame will light me.

But till I see my sister: tis a kinde one.

More I expect not from't, Noble deseruer:

Farewell most valiant, and most wrong'd of men, *Exeunt,*

Do bat forgie me, and I am Victor then.

led by them.

Enter

A Faire Quarrell.

Enter Physitian, Iane, Anne, Dutch Nurse with the child.

Phys. Sweet Fro, to your most indulgent care,
Take this my hearts ioy, I must not tell you,
The valew of this ieuell in my bosome.

Nur. Dat you may vell, sir, der canniet forstoore you.

Ph. Indeed I cannot tell you, you know Nurse,
These are aboue the quantitie of prise,
Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
But in the fruit and branches? The old stocke
Must decay, and sprigs, syens such as these
Must become new stockes from vs to glorie,
In their fruitfull issue, so we are made
Inmortall on by other.

Nur. You spreke a most lieben fader, and Ick fall do de
best of tender Nurses to dis Infant, my prettie Frokin.

Ph. I know you will be louing, here sweet friend, *Giue*
Hecre's earnest of a large summe of loue and coyne. *money.*
To quit your tender care.

Iane. I haue some reason too, *Giues her*
To purchase your deare care vnto this Infant. *money.*

Nur. You be de witnesse of de Baptime, dat is, as you
spoken: de godimother, ick vell forstoor it so.

Ian. Yes, I am the bad mother: If it be offence. *Aside.*

Ann. I must be a little kinde too. *Giues her money.*

Nur. Much tankes to you all: dis child is much belouen:
and Ick fall see much care ouer it.

Ph. Farewell good sifter: Show her the way forth,
I shall often visite you, kind Nurse.

Nur. You fall be velcome. *Exeunt Anne, and Nurse.*

Ian. Oh sir, what a friend haue I found in you?
Where my poore power shall stay in the requitall,
Your selfe must from your fayre condition
Make vp in meere acceptance of my will.

Ph. Oh, pray you vrge it not, we are not borne
For our selues onely, selfe loue is a sinne,
But in our louing donatiues to others,
Mans vertue best consists, loue all begets,

A Faire Quarrell.

Without, all are adulterate and counterfeit.

Ian. Your boundlesse loue I cannot satisfie,
But with a mentall memory of your vertues,
Yet let me not ingage your cost withall,
Beseech you then take restitution
Of paines and bountie which you haue disburs't
For your poore débter.

Ph. You will not offer it :

Doe not esteeme my loue so mercenary,
To be the hyre of coyne ? Sure, I shall thinke
You doe not hold so worthily of me
As I wish to deserue.

Ian. Not recompence !

Then you will begger me with too much credit,
If not sufficient, you preserue my name,
Which I had forfeited to shame and scorne :
Couer my vices with a vaile of loue,
Defend and keepe me from a fathers rage,
Whose loue yet infinite (not knowing this)
Might (knowing) turne a hate as infinite :
Sure he would throw me euer from his blessings,
And cast his curses on me : yes, further,
Your secrecie keeps me in the state of woman :
For else what husband would chuse me his wife :
Knowing the honour of a Bride were lost.
I cannot number halfe the good you do me,
In the concealde retention of my sinne,
Then make me not worse then I was before.
In my ingratitude, good sir.

Ph. Agen.

I shall repent my loue (if you'll so call't)
To be made such a Hackney, giue me coyne ?
I had as leaue you gaue me poyson (Lady)
For I haue Art and Antidotes gain't that,
I might take that, but this I will refuse.

Ian. Well you then teach me how I may requite you,
In some small quantitie.

A Faire Quarrell.

Phyſ. 'Twas that I look't for.

Aside.

Yes, I will tell you Lady a full quittance,
And how you may become my Creditresse.

Ian. I beſeech you do ſir.

Ph. Indeed I will Lady,

Not in coyne, Miſtres, for ſiluer though white,
Yet it drawes blacke lines : it ſhall not rule my palme
There to marke forth his baſe corruption :
Pay me agen in the ſame qualitie
That I to you tendred, thats loue for loue :
Can you loue me Ladie ? you haue confeſt
My loue to you.

Ian. Moſt amply.

Ph. Why faith then,
Pay me backe that way.

Ian. How do you meane, ſir ?

Ph. Tuſh, our meanings are better vnderſtood
Then ſhifted to the tongue, it brings along
A little blabbing bloud into our cheekes,
That ſhames vs when we ſpeake.

Ian. I vnderſtand you not.

Ph. Fie, you doe, make not your ſelfe ignorant
In what you know, you haue tane forth the leſſon
That I would read to you.

Ian. Sure then I need not,
Read it agen, ſir.

Ph. Yes, it makes perfect,
You know the way vnto *Achillis* ſpeare,
If that hurt you, I haue the cure you ſee.

Ian. Come, y'are a good man, I do perceiue you :
You put a tryall to me, I thanke you,
Y'are my iuſt Confefſor, and belecue me,
I'll haue no further penance for this ſinne.
Conuert a yeare vnto a laſting euer,
And call't *Apollons* ſmile, 'twas once then neuer.

Ph. Pray you miſtake me not, indeed I loue you.

Ian. Indeed, what deed ?

A Faire Quarrell.

Phys. The deed that you haue done.

Iane. I cannot belieue you.

Phys. Belieue the deed then.

Iane. Away, y'are a Blackamore, you loue me?

I hate you for your loue : Are you the man

That in your painted outside seem'd so white ?

Oh, y'are a foule dissembling Hypocrite.

You sau'd me from a thiefe that your selfe might rob me,

Skin'd ore a greene wound to breed an vicer.

Is this the practise of your Physicke Colledge ?

Phys. Haue you yet vtter'd all your nicenesse forth ?

If you haue more, vent it, certes I thinke

Your first grant was not yeelded with lesse paine,

If'twere, you haue your prise, yeeld it againe.

Iane. Pray you, tell me fir, (I ask't it before)

Is it a practise mongst you Physitians.

Phys. Tush, Thats a secret, We cast all waters.

Should I reueale, you would mistrust my counsell :

The Lawyer and Physitian here agrees

To women Clients they giue backe their fees,

And is not that kindnesse ?

Iane. This for thy loue,

Spitt,

Out, outside of a man : thou Cynamon tree,

That but thy Bark hast nothing good about thee ;

The Vnicorne is hunted for his horne,

The rest is left for carion : Thou false man,

Tha't fisht with siluer hookes and golden baits ?

But I'le auoyde all thy deceiuing sleights.

Phys. Doe what you list, I will do something too :

Remember yet what I haue done for you,

Y'au'e a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged.

Ere you grow old : old men will despise you :

Thinke on your Grandam *Helens* the fairest Queene

When in a new glasse she spied her old face :

She (smiling) wept to thinke vpon the change,

Take your time, y'are craz'd, y'are an apple falne

From the tree, if you be kept long, you'le rot,

Studie your answer well, yet I loue you.

If you refuse I haue a hand about.

Exit. Phys.

Iane. Poyson thy selfe, thou foule Enpoysoner:

Of thine owne practise drinke the *Theorie*.

What, a White Deuill haue I met withall?

What shall I doe? What do? ist a question?

Nor shame, nor hate, nor feare, nor lust, nor force

(Now being too bad) shall euer make me worse.

Enter Anne.

What haue we here? a second spirit.

Anne. Mistresse,

I am sent to you.

Iane. Is your message good?

Anne. As you receiue it, my brother sent mee,

And you know he loues you.

Iane. I heard say so;

But 'twas a false report.

Anne. Pray pardon me, I must doe my message,

Who lyes (commanded) must obey his Keeper.

I must perswade you to this act of woman.

Iane. Woman! of Strumpet.

An. Indeed of Strumpet,

He takes you at aduantage of your fall,

Seeing you downe before.

Iane. Curse on his fained smiles.

An. Hee's my brother Mistresse, and a curse on you.

If ere you blesse him with that cursed deed,

Hang him, poyson him, he held out a Rose,

To draw the yeelding sence, which come to hand.

He shifts, and giues a canker.

Iane. You speake well yet.

An. I, but Mistresse, now I consider it,

Your reputation lyes at his mercy,

Your fault dwels in his brest, say, he throw it out,

It will be knowne, how are you then vndone?

Thinke on't, your good name, and they are not to be solde,

In euery market, a good name's deare,

And indeed more esteemed then our actions,

A Faire Quarrell.

By which we should deserue it.

Ian. Aye me most wretched.

An. What? do you shrink at that?

Would you not weare one spot vpon your face,
To keepe your whole body from a leprosie,
Though it were vndiscouerd euer, hang him,
Feare him not. Horseleeches sucke out his corrupt blood,
Draw you none from him, lesse it be pure and good.

Ian. Do you speake your soule?

An. Bymy soules doe I.

Ian. Then yet I haue a friend; but thus exhort me,
And I haue still a collumbe to support me. (forgot,

An. One fault Heauen soone forgives, and tis on earth
The Moone her selfe is not without one spot. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lady Ager, meeting one of her seruants.

Lady. Now sir, where is he? (speake, why comes he not?
I sent you for him; blesse this fellowes fences:
What has he seene? a soule nine houre entranc't,
Houering twixt hell and heauen, could not wake gastlier,

Enter Seruant.

Not yet returne an answer? What say you sir?
Where is he?

2. Ser. Gon?

Lady. What sayst thou?

2. Ser. He is gone Madame.

But as we heard, vnwilling he went

As euer blood enforc't. *La.* Went, whether went he?

2. Ser. Madame, I feare, I ha said too much already.

La. These men are both agreed, speake, whither went he?

2. Ser. Why to--I would you'd thinke the rest your selfe

Lady. Meeke Patience blesse me. (Madame.

2. Ser. To the field.

1. Ser. To fight, Madame.

Lady. To fight!

1. Ser. There came two vrging Gentlemen,
That cal'd themselves his seconds, both so powerfull,
As tis reported they preuailde with him,
With little labour.

Lady

A Faire Quarrell.

La. O hee's lost, hee's gone,
For all my paines. hee's gone ; two meeting torrents
Are not so mercilesse as their two rages,
Hee neuer comes agen, --- wretched affection ?
Haue I belied by faith ? iniur'd my goodnes ?
Slandred my honour for his preservation ?
Hauing but onely him : and yet no happier.
Tis then a iudgement plaine, truths angry with me,
In that I would abuse her sacred whiteneffe,
For any worldly temporall respect :
Forgiue me then thou glorious womans vertue,
Admir'd where ere thy habitation is,
Especially in vs weake ones : Oh forgiue me:
For tis thy vengeance this to belie truth,
Which is so hardly ours, with such paine purchas'd
Fastings, and prayers, continence and care,
Miseric must needs ensue. Let him not die
In that vnchast beliefe of his false birth,
And my disgrace : What euer Angell guides him,
May this request be with my teares obtaind,
Let his soule know, my honour is vnstaind,
Runne, seeke, away, if there be any hope, *Exeunt Seru.*
Let me not loose him yet ; when I thinke on him,
His deerenesse, and his worth, it eames me more,
They that know riches tremble to be poore.
My passion is not euery womans sorrow,
She must be truely honest feeles my grieffe,
And onely knowne to One, if such there be,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth mee. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the Colonels Second. Vsher, &c. with Chaugh and Trim.

Second. Truth sir, I must needs blame you for a Trewant,
hauing but one lesson read to you and neglect so soone : fye,
I must see you once a day at least.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chaugh. Would I were whipt Tutor if it were not long of my man *Trimram* here.

Trim. Who, of me?

Chau. Tak't vpon thee *Trim*. Ile giue thee five shillings, as I am a Gentleman.

Trim. Ile see you whipt first : well, I will too ; saith sir, I saw he was not perfect, and I was loth hee should come before to shame himselfe.

Sec. How? shame sir? is it a shame for Schollers to learne? Sir, there are great Schollers that are but slenderly read in our profession : sir, first it must be *Oeconomicall*, the *Oecumenicall* : shame not to practise in the house how to performe in the field : the naile that is driuen takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at the second, and more at the third, but when tis hōne to the head, then tis firme.

Chau. Faith I haue beene driuing it home to the head this two dayes.

Trim. I helpt to hammer it in as well as I could too sir.

Sec. Well sir, I will heare you rehearse anon, meane time peruse the exemplary of my bills, and tell mee in what language I shall roare a Lecture to you ; or ile read to you the Mathematicall science of Roaring.

Chau. Is it Mathematicall?

Sec. Oh sir, does not the windes roare? the Sea roare? the Welkin roare? indeed, most things doe roare by nature, and is not the knowledge of these things Mathematicall?

Cha. Pray proceed sir.

reads his bill

Sec. The names of the languages, the *Selaonian*, *Parthamenian*, *Barmeothian*, *Tiburnian*, *Wappinganian*, or the moderne *Londonian*. Any man or woman that is desirous to roare in any of these languages, in a weeke they shall bee perfect, if they will take paines ; so let 'um repaire into Holborne to the signe of the Cheat loafe.

Chau. Now your bill speakes of that, I was wondring a good while at your signe, the loafe lookes very like bread ysaith, but why is it called the Cheate loafe?

Sec. This house was sometimes a Bakers sir, that serued the Court where the bread is called cheate.

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. I, I, twas a Baker that cheated the Court with bread.

Sec. Well sir, choose your languages: and your Lectures shall be read, betweene my Vther and my selfe, for your better instruction, provided your conditions bee performed in the premisses before said.

Chau. Looke you sir, theres twentie pound in hand, and twentie more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient Roarer.

Sec. You speake in good earnest sir.

Chau. Yes faith doe I *Trimtram* shall be my witnesse.

Trim. Yes indeed sir, twentie pound is very good earnest.

Vsb. Sir one thing I must tell you belongs to my place, you are the youngest Scholler, and till another comes vnder you, there is a certaine garnish belongs to our Schoole, for in our practise we grow to quarrell: then there must be wine ready to make all friends, for thats the end of Roaring, tis valiant, but harmelesse, and this charge is yours.

Chau. With all my heart y faith, and I like it the better: because no blood comes on it, who shall fetch?

2. *Roar.* He be your Spanniell sir.

Sec. Bid Vapor. bring some Tobacco too.

Chau. Doe and heer's money for't. *Exit 2. Roarer.*

Vsb. No, you shall not, let me see the meny: so, He keepe it, and discharge him after the Combat, for your practise sake, you and your man shall rore him out on't, (for indeed you must pay your debt so: for thats one of the maine ends of Roaring) and when you haue left him in a chafe, then He qualifie the Rascall.

Chau. Content y faith *Trim.* wee le Roare the rusty Rascall out of his Tobacco.

Trim. I and he had the best Craccus in London.

Sec. Obserue Sir, wee could now roare in the Slaunonian Language, but this practise hath beene a little sublime: some hayres breadth or so aboue your Caput; I take it for your vse and vnderstanding, both it were fitter for you to tast the moderne assault, only the Londonian Roare.

Chau. Y faith sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall vse all my
G 2 roaring

A Faire Quarrell.

roaring heere in London : in *Cornewall* wee are all for wrastring, and I doe not meane to trauell ouer sea to roare there.

Sec. Obserue then sir, but it were necessary you tooke forth your tables, to note the most difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.

Chaw. Nay sir, my man and I keepe two Tables.

Trim. I sir, and as many trenchers, cattles meat, and dogs meat enough.

Sec. Note sir, -- Dost thou confront my *Cyclops*?

Ush. with a *Briarean Brousted*:

Chau. *Cyclops.* *Trim.* *Briarean.*

Sec. I know thee and thy lineall pedegree,

Vsh. It is Collateral: as *Brutus* and *Posthumus*.

Trim. *Brutus.*

Chaw. *Posthumus.*

Sec. False as the face of *Heccate*; thy sister is a---

Ush. What is my Sister *Centaure*?

Seco. I say thy Sister is a *Bronstrops*.

Vsh. A *Bronstrops*!

Chaw. Tutor, Tutor, ere you goe any further, tell me the English of that, what is a *Bronsterops* pray.

Sec. A *Bronsterops* is in English a *Hippocrene*.

Chaw. A *Hippocrene*, note it *Trim.* I loue to vnderstand the English as I doe.

Trim. Whats the English of *Hippicrene*.

Chaw. Why *Bronsterops*?

Vsh. Thou dost obtrect my flesh and bloud.

Sec. Agen, I denounce, thy sister is a fructifer;

Chau. What's that Tutor?

Sec. That is in English a *Fucus* or a *Minotaure*.

Chau. A *Minotaure*:

Seco. A *Fucus*.

Vsh. I say thy mother is a *Callicut*, a *Panagron*,

a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus*.

Sec. Dissocate thy *Bladud*.

Ush. *Bladud* shall coniure, if his *Dæmons* once appeare.

Enter 2. Roarers with Wine, and Vapor with Tobacco.

Sec. Aduance thy respondencie.

Chaw

Chau. Nay good Gentleman, doe not fall out, a cup of wine quickly *Trimiram*.

Vsb. See my Steele hath a glister.

Chau. Pray wipe him, and put him vp again good *Vsher*.

Vsb. Sir at your request I pull downe the Flag of defiance.

Sec. Giue me a boule of Wine, my fury shall be quencht, here *Vsher*.

Vsb. I pledge thee in good friendship.

Chau. I like the conclusion of Roaring very well ysaith.

Trim. It has an excellent conclusion indend, if the Wine be good, alwayes provided.

Sec. O the wine must be alwaies provided be sure of that.

Vsb. Else you spoyle the conclusion, and that you know crownes all.

Chau. Tis much like wrastring ysaith: for we shake hands ere we begin: now thats to auoid the Law, for then if hee throw him a furlong into the ground, hee cannot recouer himselfe vpon him, because twas done in cold friendship.

Seco. I belecue you sir.

Chau. And then we drink afterwards, iust in this fashion, wrestling and Roaring are as like as can be ysaith, euen like long sword and halfe pike.

Sec. Nay they are reciprocall if you marke it, for as there is a great Roaring at Wrestling: so there is a kinde of wrestling and contention at Roaring.

Chau. True ysaith, for I haue heard 'um roare from the six Windmilles to *Isington*: those haue beene great falls then.

Ser. Come, now a brieft rehearfall of your other daies lesson, betwixt your man and you, and then for to day we breake vp schoole.

Chau. Come, *Trimstram*; if I be out Tutor, Ile be bold to looke in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.

Ser. Well, well, I will not see small faults.

Chau. The wall.

Trim. The wall of mee, to thy kennell spannell,

Chau. Wilt thou not yeeld precedencie?

Trim. To thee, I know thee and thy broode

Chau. Know'st thou my brood, I know thy brood to,

A Faire Quarrell.

thou art a Rooke.

Trim. The nearer a kinne to the Chaughes?

Chau. The Rookes a kin to the Chaughis?

Sec. Very well maintain'd.

Chau. Dungcoer, thou liest.

Trim. Lie, enucleate the kernell of thy scabberd.

Cha. Now if I durst draw my sword, twere valiant yfaith.

Sec. Draw, draw, howsoeuer.

Ch. Haue some wine ready to make vs friends I pray you.

Trim. Chaugh, I will make thee slee and roare.

Chau. I will roare if thou strik'st me.

Sec. So tis ynough, now conclude in wine, I see you will proue an excellent practifioner : wondrous well perform'd on both sides :

Chau. Heere *Trimtram* I drinke to thee.

Trim. Ile pledge in good friendship.

Enter a Seruant.

Is there not one Maister Chaugh here.

Vsb. This is the Gentleman sir.

Ser. My maister, sir, your elected father in law, desires speedily to speake with you.

Cha. Friend I will follow thee, I would thou hadst come a little sooner, thou shouldest haue seen Roring sport yfaith.

Ser. Sir Ile returne that you are following. *Exit seruant.*

Cha. Do so : Ile tell thee Tutor, I am to marry shortly, but I will deferre it a while till I can roare perfectly, that I may get the vpper hand of my wife on the wedding day, 't must be done at first or neuer.

Sec. 'Twill serue you to good vse in that sir.

Cha. How lik'st thou this Whifler?

Vap. Very valiantly yfaith sir.

Cha. Tush, thou shalt see more by and by.

Va. I can stay no longer indeed sir, who paies mee for my Tobacco?

Cha. How, pay for Tobacco, away yee sootie mouth'd piper : you rustie piece of Martlemas bacon, away.

Trim. Let me giue him a Marke for't.

Chau. No *Trimtram*, doe not strike him, wee le onely roare

A Faire Quarrell.

roare out a curse vpon him.

Trim. Well, doe you begin then.

Chau. May thy Roule rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces, being sophisticated with filthy vrine.

Trim. May Sericants dwell on either side of thee, to fright away thy two penny customers.

Chau. And for thy penny ones, let them sucke thee drie.

Trim. When thou art dead, maist thou haue no other sheets to be buried in but mouldie Tobaccø leaues.

Chau. And no strawings to sticke thy carkas, but the bitter stalkes.

Trim. Thy mourners, all greazie Tapsters.

Cha. With foule Tobacco pipes in their hats, in stead of rotten Rosemary: & last of all may my man and I liue to see all this perform'd, and, to pisse reeking euen vpon thy graue.

Trim. And last of all for mee, let this Epitaph bee remembered ouer thee.

Here coldly now within is layd to rot,

A man that yesterday was piping hot:

Some say he died by pudding, some by pricke,

Others by roll and ball, some lease, all sticke

Fast in censure, yet thinke it strange and rare,

(He liu'd by smoake, yet died for want of ayre)

But then the Surgeon said when he beheld him,

It was the burning of his Pipe that kild him.

Chau. So, are you paid now Whiffer?

Vap. All this is but smoake out of a stinking Pipe.

Chau. So, so, pay him now Vsher.

Sec. Do not henceforth neglect your schooling M. *Chau.*

Chau. Call me Rooke if I doe Tuto

Trim. And me Rauē, though my name be Trimtram.

Chau. Farewell Tutor.

Trim. Farewell Vsher.

Sec. Thus when the Drum's vnbraist, and Trumpet cease,
Souldiers must get pay for to liue in peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Colonels Sister, meeting the Surgeon.

Sist. Oh my most worthy brother, thy hard fare 'twas,
Come hither honest Surgeon and deale faithfully

A Faire Quarrell.

With a distressed Virgin : what hope is there ?

Surg. Hope, *Chillus* was scapt miraculously Lady.

Sist. Whats that sir.

Surg. *Cana vena* : I care but little for his wound 'ith *Orso-phag*, not thus much trust mee, but when they come to *Dia-phragma* once, the small *Intestines*, or the *Spyvall Adedull*; or 'ith Rootes of the *Emunfories* of the noble parts, then straight I feare a *Syncope*; the flankes ret, ring towards the backe, the *Vrme* bloodie, the Excrements *purulent*, and the *Dolour* pricking or pungent.

Sist. Alasie I'me nere the better for this answer.

Surg. Now I must tel you his principal *Dolour* lies 'ith region of the *Liuver*, and theres both inflammation and *Turma-faction* feard, marry I made him a *Quadrangular plumation*, where I vsd *Sanguis Draconis* by my faith, with powders *incarnatine*, which I tempred with oyle of *Hypericon*, and other liquors mundificatiue.

Sist. Pox a your Mundies figatiues, I would they were all fired.

Surg. But I purpose Lady to make another experiment at next dressing with a *Sarcotricke medicament*, made of *Iris* of Florence. Thus *Masticke*, *Calophena*, *Apopanax*, *Sacrocolis* :

Sist. Sacro-halter, what comfort is 'this to a poore Gentlewoman; pray tell me in plaine tearmes what you thinke of him?

Surg. Marry in plain tearms I know not what to say to him, the wound I can assure you inclines to *Paralysme*; and I find his body *Cacochimicke*: being then in feare of Feuer and inflammation; I nourish him altogether with *Viands refrigeratiue* and giue for potion the iuyce of *Sanicola*, dissolvd with water *Cerefolium*: I could doe no more Lady, if his best *Guaium* were dissuered. *Exit.*

Sist. What thankelesse paines does the tongue take,
To make the whole man most ridiculous:
I come to him for comfort, and he tyres me
Worse then my sorrow, what a pretious good
May be deliuered sweetly in few words:
And what a mount of nothing ha's he cast forth.

Alasie

A Faire Quarrell.

Alasse his strength decayes : how cheere you sir,
My honourd Brother ?

Colo. In soule neuer better.

I feele an excellent health there, such a stoutnes,
My inuisible enemy flies me, seeing me armde
With penitence and forgiuenes, they fall backward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armory in a Souldiers soule,
As pardon and repentance : or through power
Of ghostly valour ? but I haue beene Lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine houres now,
Then in nine yeare before : Oh kinde Lieutenants,
This is the one warre we should prouide for,
Where he that forgiues largest, and sighes strongest
Is a tride Souldier, a true man in deed,
And winnes the best field, makes his owne heart bleed.
Read the last part of that Will sir.

1. Lieutenant reads.

I also require at the hands of my most beloued Sister, whom
I make full Executrix, the disposure of my body in buriall at S.
Martins icht field: and to cause to be distributed to the poore of
the same parish, fortie Marke, and to the Hospitall of maymed
Souldiers a hundred : lastly I giue and bequeath to my kinde,
deare, & vertuous sister, the full possession of my present estate
in riches ; whether it be in Lands, Leases, Money, Goods, Plate,
Iewels, or what kind soeuer, vpon this condition following, that
she forthwith, tender both her selfe, and all these Infeoffments,
to that noble Captaine, my late Enemy, Captaine Ager.

Sist. How sir? *Colo.* Read it againe sir, let her heare it plaine.

Sist. Pray spare your paines sir, tis too plaine already.

Good sir, how doe you, is your memory perfect ?
This Will makes question of you : I bestowde
So much grieve and compasison on your wound,
I neuer look't into your senses *Epilepsie* :
The sicknesse and infirmity of your iudgement
Is to be doubted now, more then your bodies,
Why is your loue no dearer to me sir,
Then to dispose me so vpon the man,

H

Whose

A Faire Quarrell.

Whose furie is your bodies present torment?
The Author of your danger? one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice, doe you not feele
His wrath vpon you? I beseech you sir,
Alter that cruell Article.

Colo. Cruell sister? (forgiue me naturall loue)
I must offend thee, speaking to this woman, am I content,
Hauing much kindred, yet to giue thee all,
(Because in thee I'de raise my meanes to goodnesse)
And canst thou prooue so thanklesse to my bounty,
To grudge my foule her peace? is my intent
To leaue her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world,
Then euer Vsurer went, or politicke Statist?
Is it so burdensome for thee to loue
Where I forgiue? Oh wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his sauing comforts
Vpon a womans charity? hees most miserable,
If it were possible, her obstinate will
Will pull him downe in his midway to heauen,
I'ue wrong'd that worthy man past recompence,
And in my anger rob'd him of faire fame:
And thou the fairest restitution art
My life could yeeld him: if I knew a fairer,
I'de set thee by and thy vnwilling goodnesse,
And neuer make my sacred peace of thee:
But there's the cruelty of a fate debard,
Thou art the last, and all, and thou art hard.

Sist. Let your grien'd heart hold better thoughts of mee:
I will not proue so fir, but since you enforce it,
With such a strength of passion Ile perforce,
What by your will you haue inioynd me to,
Though the world neuer shew me ioy agen.

Colo. Oh this may be faire cunning for the time,
To put me off, knowing I hold not long.
And when I looke to haue my ioyes accomplisht,
I shall finde no such things: that were vilde cosenage,
And not to be repented.

Sist. By all the blessednesse,
Truth

A Faire Quarrell.

Truth and a good life lookes for, I will doo't fir.

Colo. Comforts reward you fort, when ere you grieue,
I know if you dare sweare I may belieue.

Exeunt.

Enter Capitaine Ager.

Cap. No sooner haue I entrance i'this house now,
But all my ioy falls from mee, which was wont
To be the sanctuary of my comforts :
Me thought I lou'd it with a reuerent gladnesse,
As holy men doe consecrated Temples
For the Saints sake, which I belieu'd my mother,
But prou'd a false faith since, a fearefull heresie,
O who'd erect th assurance of his ioyes
Vpon a womans goodnesse ? whose best vertue,
Is to commit vnseene, and highest secrecie,
To hide but her owne sin, ther s their perfection,
And if shee be so good, which many faile of to,
When these are bad, how wondrous Ill are they.
What comfort I't to fight, win this dyes fame,
When all my after daies, are lamps of shame,

Enter the Lady Ager.

La. Blessings be firme to me, hee's come, tis hee,
A surgeon speedily ; *Cap.* A surgeon ? why maddam ?

Lady Perhaps you'l say tis but a little wound
Good to preuent a Danger : quick, a surgeon,

Cap. Why maddam ?

Lady I, I, thats all the fault of valiant men,
Theile not be knowne of their hurts till their past helpe,
And then too late they wish for't.

Cap. Will you heare mee.

La. Tis no disparragement to confesse a wound,
I'me glad fir tis no worse, a surgeon quickly,

Capr. Maddam.

Lady Come, come fir, a wound's Honourable,
And neuer shames the wearer.

Capr. By the Iustice
I owe to honour, I came off vntouch't.

Lady I de rather belecue that.

Capr. You belecue truth so.

A Faire Querrill.

Lady. My teares preuaile then, welcome, welcome fir,
As peace and mercy to one new departed,
Why would you goe though, and deceiue me so,
When my abundant loue tooke all the course
That might be to preuent it, I did that,
For my affections sake, goodnesse forgieue me for't,
That were my owne lifes safetie put vpon't,
Ide rather die then doo't, thinke how you vsde me then,
And yet would you goe, and hazard your selfe too,
Twas but vnkindly done.

Capt. Whats all this Madame ?

Lady. See then how rash you were and short in wisdome,
Why wrong my faith I did, slanderd my constancie,
Belyed my truth, that which few Mothers will,
Or fewer can, I did, out of true feare
And louing care, onely to keepe thee heere.

Capt. I doubt I am too quicke of apprehension, now
And that's a generall fault, when we heere ioy fully,
With the desire of longing for't, I aske it :
Why ? were you neuer false,

Lady. May death come to me,
Before Repentance then ?

Capt. I heard it plaine sure,
Not false at all ?

Lady. By the reward of truth,
I neuer knew that deed
That claimes the name on't.

Capt. May then that glorious reward you swore by,
Be neuer failing to you, all the blessings
That you haue giuen me, since obedient custome
Taught me to kneele and aske 'um, are not valuable
With this immaculate blessing of your truth :
This is the Palme to victory.
The crowne for all deserts past, and to come,
Let 'em be numberlesse, they are rewarded,
Alreadie they'r rewarded : blesse this frame
I feele it much too weake to beare the ioy on't.

Lady. Rise Sir. *Capt.* O pardon me---

I cannot

A Faire Quarrell.

I cannot honour you too much, too long,
I kneele not onely to a Mother now,
But to a woman that was neuer false,
Yeare deare, and yeare good too: I thinke a that,
What reuerence does she merit tis fit such
Should be distinguisht from the prostrate sexe,
And what distinction properer can be showne,
Then honor done to her that keepes her owne.

Lady. Come sir, Ile haue you rise.

Capt. To doe a deed then, *rises.*
That shall for euer raise me: O my glory,
Why this, this is the quarrell that I lookt for;
The tother but a shift to hold time play,
You sacred ministers of preseruacion,
For Heauens sake send him life,
And with it mightie health, and such a strength,
May equall but the cause, I wish no foule things,
If life but glow on him he shall know instantly
That I'me resolu'd to call him to accompt for't.

Lady. Why harke you sir.

Capt. I bind you by your honor, Madame,
You speake no hinderance too's,
Take heed, you ought not.

Lady. What vnhappyneffe haue I in goodnesse,
'Tis euer my desire to intend well
But haue no fortunate way in't, for all this
Deserue I yet no better of you: but to be greeud agen?
Are you not well with honest gaine of fame,
With safetie purchas'd, will you needs tempt a ruine,
That auoyds you? *Exit Lady.*

Capt. No y'au'e preuaild: things of this nature sprung,
When they vse action must vse little tongue.
Now sir, the newes?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Sir theres a gentlewoman,
Desires some conference with you.

Capt. How, with me?

A Gentlewoman? what is she?

A Faire Quarrell.

Ser. Her attendant
Delivered her to be the *Colonels* Sister.

Capt. Oh for a storme then,
'Lasse poore vertuous Gentlewoman,
I will indure her violence with much pittie,
She comes to ease her heart good noble soule,
Tis ee'ne a charitie to release the burden,
Were not that remedie ordaind for women,
Their hearts would neuer hold three yeares together,
And heere she comes, I neuer markt so much of her.

Enter the Colonels Sister.
That face can be the mistris of no anger
But I might very well indure a month me thinks,
I am the manspeake Lady, I stand faire.

Sist. And I'me enioynd by vow to fall thus low. *She kneels.*
And from the dying hand of a repentant
Offer for expiation of wrongs done you,
My selfe, and with my selfe all that was his,
Which vpon that condition was made mine,
Being his soules wish to depart absolute man,
In life a Soldier, death a Christian.

Capt. Oh Heauen has toucht him nobly, how it shames
My vertues slow perfection: rise deere brightnes,
I forget manners too, vp matchlesse sweetnesse.

Sist. I must not sir, there is not in my vow
That libertie, I must be receiued first,
Or all denyed, if either, I am free,

Capt. He must be without soule should deny thee,
And with that reuerence I receiue the gift
As it was sent me, worthy Colonel,
Has such a conquering way ith blest things,
Who euer ouercomes, he only winnes.

Exit.

Hem within.

Enter Captaine Albo, a Baud and a Whore.

Bau. Harke of these hard-hearted Blood-hounds: these But-
chers are ee'ne as mercilesse as their Dogs, they knocke downe
a Womans fame, ee'ne as it walkes the Streets by 'um.

Whor. And the Captaine heere that should defend vs,
walkes

A Faire Quarrell.

walkes by like *Iohn* of the Apple loſt.

Capt. What for interiections *Priffe*? *Hem, Enax, Vah*: let the Carnifexes ſcoure their throates: thou knoweſt there is a curſe hangs ouer their bloody heads, this yeare there ſhall be more Butchers Prickes burnt then of all trades beſides.

Bau. I doe wonder how thou cameſt to be a Captaine.

Capt. As thou cameſt to be a Baud *Meg*, and *Priffe* to be a whore, euery day one by their deſerts.

Bau. Baud, and VVhore? out you vnprofitable raskall, haſt not thou beene at the new Play yet, to teach thee better manners: truly they ſay they are the fineſt Players, and good ſpeakers of Gentlewomen of our qualitie: Baud and VVhore is not mention'd amongſt 'um, but the handſomeſt narrow-mouth'd names they haue for vs, that ſome of them may ſerue as well for a Lady, as for one of our occupation.

Who. Prethee Patronesse, lets goe ſee a peece of that Play: if we ſhall haue good words for our mony, tis as much as wee can deſerue yfaith.

Bau. I doubt 'tis too late now, but another time ſeruant.

Capt. Let's goe now ſweet face I am acquainted with one of the *Pantomimicks*, the *Bulchins* will uſe the *Iriſh* Captaine with reſpect, and you two ſhall be boxt amongſt the better fort.

Who. Sirra Captaine *Albo*, I doubt you are but whiteliuer'd, looke that you defend vs valiantly, you know your pennance elle: Patronesse, you remember how you vs'd him once?

Bau. I ſeruant, and I ſhall neuer forget it, till I uſe him ſo agen: doe you remember Captaine?

Capt. Murn *Meg*, I will not heare on't now.

Bau. How I & my *Amazons* ſtrip't you as naked as an *Indian*

Capt. Why *Meg*?

Bau. And then how I bound you to the good behauiour, in the open fields.

Who. And then you ſtrow'd oates vpon his hoppers.

Capt. Prethee ſweet face.

Who. And then brought your Ducks to nibble vpon him, you remember?

Capt. Oh, the remembrance tortures mee agen, no more good ſweet face.

A Faire Quarrell.

Bau. Well, lead on Sir: but harke a little.

Enter Chaugh and Trim.

Chau. Didst thou bargain for the bladders with the Butcher *Trim*?

Trim. I sir, I haue um here, I'll practise to swim too sir, and then I may roare with the water at London Bridge, hee that roares by land and by water both, is the perfect Roarer.

Chau. Well Ile venter to swim too: if my father in Law giues me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall hold vp my head well enough.

Trim. Peace, sir, heere's practise for our roaring, heere's a *Centaure*, and two *Hippocrenes*.

Chau. Offer the iustle *Trim*.

Iustle:

Capt. Ha? What meanest thou by that?

Trim. I meane to confront thee, *Cyclops*.

Chau. He tell thee what a meanes, is this thy Sister?

Capt. How then sir?

Chau. Why then I say she is a *Bronsterops*: and this is a *Fucus*.

Who. No indeed sir, we are both *Fucusses*.

Capt. Art thou military? art thou a Soldier?

Chau. A Soldier, no I scorne to be so poore, I am a Roarer.

Capt. A Roarer? *Trim.* I sir, two Roarers.

Cap. Know then my fresh water friends, that I am a Capten

Chau. What, and haue but two to serue vnder you?

Capt. I am now retyring the field.

Trim. You may see that by his Bag and Baggage.

Chau. Deliuer vp thy *Panagron* to me.

Trim. And giue me thy *Sindicus*. *Capt.* Deliuer?

Bau. I pray you Capitaine bee contented, the Gentlemen seeme to giue vs very good words.

Chau. Good wordes? I if you could vnderstand 'um, the words cost twentie pound.

Bau. What is your pleasure Gentlemen?

Chau. I would enucleate my *Fruclifer*.

Who. What sayes he *Patroneffe*?

Bau. He would enoculate: I vnderstand the Gentleman very pithily.

Capt. Speake, are you Gentile or Plebeyan, can you giue Armes?

Chau.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chau. Armes? I sir, you shall feele our armes presently.

Trim. Sault you the Women, Ile pepper him till he stinks
agen : I perceiue what Country-man hee is, let mee alone
with him.

Cap. Dar'st thou charge a Captaine?

Trim. Yes, and discharge vpon him too.

Cap. Foh, tis poyson to my Country, the slaue has eaten
pippins : Oh shoote no more, turne both thy Broad-sides
rather then thy Poope : tis foule play : my Country breeds
no poyson : I yeeld, the great *O Toole* shall yeeld on these
conditions.

Chau. I haue giuen one of 'um a faire fall *Trim.*

Trim. Then thus farre wee bring home Conquest : fol-
low me Captaine, the *Cyclops* doth command.

Chau. Follow mee *Tweaks*, the *Centaure* doth command.

Bau. Any thing sweet Gentleman, wilt please you to
lead to the Tauerne, where weele make all friends.

Trim. Why now you come to the conclusion.

Chau. Stay, *Trim* ; I haue heard your *Tweakes* are like
your Mer-maydes, they haue sweet voyces to entice the
passengers : lets haue a Song, and then weele set 'um at
liberty.

Trim. In the commendation of Roaring, not else Sir.

Chau. I, in the commendation of Roaring.

Bau. The best we can Gentlemen.

Sing Bau.

THen heere thou shalt resigne
Both Captaine and Commander,

That name was neuer thine,

But Apple-Squire and Pander.

And henceforth will we grant,

In pillage or in monies,

In cloathing or prouant,

What ere we get by Conies :

With a hone, a hone, a hone,

No Cheaters nor Decoyes,

Shall haue a share, but alone

The brauest Roaring Boyes.

A Hand and a foot

A Faire Quarrell.

What ere we get by Gulls,
Of Country or of Citty:
Old Flatcaps or young Heyres,
Or Lawyers Clarke'somity:
By Saylers newly landed,
To put in for fresh waters:
By wandring Gander-mooners:
Or mustled late night-walkers. With a &c.
What ere we get by strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish:
Or to come nearer home,
By Maisters of the Parish.
It is concluded thus,
By all and euery wench,
To take of all their ooynes,
And pay 'um backe in French. With a, &c.

Cha. Melodious *Minotaur*. *Trim.* Harmonious *Hipecrene*.

Cha. Sweet-breasted *Bronstéraps*. *Trim.* Most tunable *Tweke*.

Chan. Delicious *Duplar*. *Trim.* Putrefactions *Panagron*.

Ch. Calumnious *Calicut*. *Trim.* And most singular *Sindisur*.

Ban. We shall neuer be able to deserue these good words
at your hands Gentlemen.

Capt. Shake golls with the Captaine, hee shall be thy va-
liant friend.

Cha. Not yet Captaine, wee must make an end of our
Roaring first.

Trim. Wee le serue 'um as we did the Tobacco-man: lay
a curse vpon 'um, marry wee le lay it on gently, because they
haue vsed vs so kindly, and then wee le shake golls together.

Who. As gently as you can, sweet Gentlemen.

Ch. For thee, Oh Pander: maist thou trudge till the damnd
soles of thy boots fleet into durt, but neuer rise into Ayre.

Trim. Next, maist thou fleet so long from place to place,
till thou beeft kickt out of Fleetstreet.

Chan. As thou hast liued by bad flesh, so rotten mutton be
thy bane.

Trim. When thou art dead, may twentie whores follow
thee, that thou maist goe a Squire to thy graue.

Capt.

Capt. Enough for me sweet faces, let me sleepe in my graue.

Ch. For thee old *Sindicus*, may I see thee ride in a Caroch with two wheelles, and drawne with one horse.

Trim. Ten Beadles running by, in stead of foot-men.

Chau. With euery one a whip, steed of an Irish dart.

Trim. Fortie Barbers Basons sounding before in steed of Trumpets.

Ba. This will be comly indeed sweet Gentlemen Roarers.

Trim. Thy Ruffe starch't yellow with rotten Egges.

Chau. And maist thou then be drawne from Holborne, to Hounslow-Heath.

Trim. And then bee burnt to Cole-brooke for destroying of Maydenhead.

Bau. I will study to deserue this kindnesse at your hands Gentlemen.

Chau. Now for thee little *Fucus*, Maist thou first serue out thy time as a *Tweake*, and then become a *Bronstrops* as shee is.

Trim. Maist thou haue a reasonable good Spring, for thou art like to haue many dangerous foule falls.

Chau. Maist thou haue two Ruffes torne in one weeke.

Trim. May Spiders onely weaue thy Cobweb-lawne:

Chau. Maist thou set vp in Rogue Lane.

Trim. Liue till thou stink'st in Garden-Allyes.

Chau. And die sweetly in Tower-Ditch.

Who. I thanke you for that good sir Roarer.

Cb. Come, shal we goe now *Trim*, my father in law stayes for me all this while.

Trim. Nay, I leserue 'um as wee did the Tobacco-man: Ile bury 'um altogether, and giue 'um an Epitaph.

Chau. All together *Trim*, why then the Epitaph will be accessary to the sinne: alas, he has kept the doore all his life time, for pittty let 'um lye together in their graues.

Capt. Eene as thou wilt *Trim*, and I thanke you too sir.

Trim. He that the reason would know, let him harke,
Why these two were buried neere Maribone Parke:

These three were a Pander, a Baud, and a Whore;

That suckt many dry to the bones before.

Will you know how they liu'd? heere they be red,

A Faire Quarrell.

*The low Countries did ever finde 'um bred,
They liv'd by Flushing, by Sluce, and the Groyne,
Sickned in France, and dyed vnder the Line.
Three letters at last commended 'um hither.
P. was the first, who cryes out for a Pardon,
O craues his booke, yet could not reade such a hard one,
An X. was the last, which in coniunction
Was broke by Brandon, and heere's the conclusion.
By three trees, three letters; these three, Pander, Baude, Whore:
Now stinke below ground, stunke long above before.*

Chau. So, now we haue done with you, remember Roaring Boyes.

Trim. Farewell Centaure. *Chau.* Farewell Bronsterops.

Trim. Farewell Fucus. *Exeunt* Chaugh and Trim.

Cap. Well Meg: I will learne to Roare, and still maintain the name of Captaine ouer these Launcepresadoes,

Ban. If thou do st not, maist thou bee buried vnder the Roaring curse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Physition: Iane as a Bride.

Phys. Will you be obstinate?

Iane. Torment me not,

Thou lingring Executioner to death,
Greatest disease to Nature, that striv'st by Art
To make men long a dying, your practise is
Vpon mens bodies, as men pull Roses,
For their owne relish, but to kill the flower:
So you maintaine your liues by others deaths,
What eat you then by carrion?

Phys. Fie bitternesse,

Ye'ad need to candy ore your tongue a little,
Your words will hardly be digested els.

Iane. You can giue your selfe a vomit to returne 'um,
If they offend your stomacke.

Phys. Here my vow
You that are to be married to day.

Iane.

A Faire Quarrell.

Iane. A second torment,
Worse then the first, cause vnauoydable,
I would I could as soone annihilate
My Fathers will in that as forbid thy lust.

Phys. If you then tender an vnwilling hand,
Meet it with reuenge, marry a Cuckolde.

Iane. If thou wilt marry me, Ile make that vow,
And giue my body for satisfaction
To him that should enioy me for his wife.

Phys. Goe to, Ile marre your marriage.

Iane. Doe, plague me so.
Ile rather beare the brand of all thats past,
In Capitall Characters from my Brow,
Then thinke to be thy whore or marry him.

Phys. I will defame thee euer. *Iane.* Spare me not.

Phys. I will produce thy Bastard,
Bring thee to publike pennance.

Iane. No matter, I care not,
I shall then haue a cleane sheet, Ile weare twentie
Rather then one defil'd with thee.

Phys. Looke for Reuenge.

Iane. Pursue it fully then out of his hate. *Exit Iane.*

Phys. Am I reiected, all my baits nibled off,
And not the fish caught? Ile trouble the whole streame,
And choake it in the mudde, since hookes not take,
Ile throw in nets that shall or kill or breake,
This is the Bridegroomes man, harke sir, a word.

Enter Trimtram with Rosemary.

Trim. 'Tis a busied day sir, nor I need no physicke,
You see I scoure about my businesse.

Phys. Pray you a word sir, your Maister is to be married

Trim. Else all this Rosemaries lost.

Phys. I would speake with your Maister sir.

Trim. My Maister sir, is to be married this morning, and
cannot be within while soone at night.

Phys. If you will doe your Maister the best seruice,
That ere you did him, if he shall not curse

A Faire Quarrell.

Your negligence hereafter slacking it :
If he shall blesse me for the dearest friend .
That euer his acquaintance met withall,
Let me speake with him ere he goe to Church.

Trim. A right Phisition, you would haue none goe to the Church, nor Churchyard till you send them thither; well, if death doe not spare you your selues, hee deales hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and send more to him then all diseases besides.

Chau. Within. What Trimtram, Trimtram?!

Trim. I come sir. Harke you, you may heare him, hee's vp on the spur, & would faine mount the saddle of Matrimony, but (if I can) Ile perswade him to come to you. *Exit. Trim.*

Phys. Pray you doe sir : Ile teach all peeuish nicenesse To beware the strong aduantage of reuenge.

Enter Chaugh.

Chaugh. Who's that would speake with me ?

Phys. None but a friend sir.

I would speake with you.

Chau. Why sir, and I dare speake with any man vnder the vniuerse can you roare sir ?

Phys. No infaith sir.

I come to tell you mildely for your good,
If you please to heare me : you are vpon Marriage ?

Chau. No sir, I am towards it, but not vpon it yet.

Phys. Doe you know what you doe ?

Chau. Yes sir, I haue practis'd what to doe before now, I would be asham'd to be married else : I haue seen a *Bronse-rops* in my time, and a *Hippocreene*, and a *Tweke* too.

Phys. Take faire heed sir, the wife that you would marry is not fit for you.

Chau. Why sir, haue you tried her ?

Phys. Not I beleeue it sir, but beleeue with all,
Shee has beene tryed.

Chau. Why sir, is she a Fru&ifer ? or a Fucus ?

Phi. All that I speake sir, is in loue to you :
Your Bride, that may be, h'as not that portion that a Bride shou'd haue.

Chau.

Chan. Why sir? she has a thousand and a better penny.

Phys. I doe not speake of rubbish, droffe, and ore;

But the refined Mettle, *Honour* sir.

Chan. What she wants in Honour, shall be made vp in
Worship sir, money will purchase both.

Phy. To be plaine with you, she's naught. *drawes his sword.*

Cha. If thou canst not roare thart a dead man; my Bride
naught?

Phy. Sir, I doe not feare you that way, what I speake,
My life shall maintaine, I say shee's naught.

Chan. Dost thou not feare me?

Phy. Indeed I doe not sir.

Cha. Ile neuer draw vpon thee while I liue for that trick,
put vp and speake freely.

Phy. Your intended Bride is a whore, thats freely sir.

Chan. Yes faith, a whor's free enough, and shee hath a
conscience: is shee a whore? Foote. I warrant shee has the
Poxe then?

Phy. Worfe, the Plague, 'tis more incurable.

Chan. A plagueie whore? a pox on her Ile none of her.

Phy. Mine accusation shall haue firme euidence.

I will produce an vnauoided witnesse,
A bastard of her bearing.

Chan. A Bastard? 'smalles; ther's great suspicion shee's a
whore then, Ile wrastle a fall with her father for putting
this tricke vpon me, as I am a Gentleman.

Phy. Good sir mistake me not, I doe not speake

To breake the contract of vnited hearts;

I will not pull that curse vpon my head;

To separate the husband and the wife,

But this (in loue) I thought fit to reueale,

(As the due office betwixt man and man)

that you might not be ignorant of your ill,

Consider now of my premonishment,

As your selfe shall please.

Chan. Ile burne all the Rosemary to sweeten the house,
for in my conscience tis infected: has shee drunke Ba-
stard? if she would pisse me wine Vineger now nine times a

A Faire Quarrell.

day I'de neuer haue her, and I thanke you too.

Enter Trimram.

Trim. Come, will you come away sir, they haue all Rosemary and stay for you to lead the way.

Chau. Ile not be married to day *Trimram*, has't ere an Almanacke about thee? this is the nineteenth of August, looke what day of the month 'tis.

Lookes in an Almanacke.

Trim. 'Tis tenty nine indeed sir.

Chau. What's the word? what sayes *Bretnor*?

Trim. The word sir, *theres a hole in her coate.*

Chau. I thought so, the Physition agrees with him, Ile not marry to day.

Trim. I pray you sir, there will be charges for new Rosemary else, this will be wither'd by to morrow.

Chau. Make a Bon fire ont to sweeten Rosemary Lane prethee *Trim*, entreat my father in law, that might haue bin, to come and speake with me.

Trim. The Bride cries already and lookes tother way, and you be so backward too, we shall haue a fine arseward wedding ont.

Exit Trim.

Chau. Youle stand to your words, sir?

Phys. Ile not flye the house sir, when you haue need call me to euidence.

Exit Physion.

Chau. If youle prooue shee has borne a Bastard, Ile stand too shee's a whore.

Enter Russell and Trimram.

Russ. Why how now sonne, what causeth these delays?
All stay for your leading.

Chau. Came I from the mount to be confronted?

Russ. How's that sir?

Chau. Canst thou roare old man.

Russ. Roare? how meane you sir?

Chau. Why then Ile tell thee plainly, thy daughter is a *Bronstrops*.

Russ. A *Bronsterop*? Whats that sir?

Trim. Sir, if she be so she is a *Hippocrene*.

Chau. Nay worse, she is a *Fruetifer*.

Trim. Nay then she is a *Fucus*, a *Minotaur*, and a *Treke*.

Russ.

Ruff. Pray you speake to my vnderstanding fir.

Chau. If thou wilt haue it in plaine termes; She is a *Callant*, and a *Panagron*.

Trim. Nay then she is a *Duplar* and a *Sindicus*.

Ruff. Good fir, speake English to me.

Chau. All this is Cornish to thee, I say thy Daughter has drunke Bastard in her time.

Ruff. Bastard you doe not meane to make her a whore?

Chau. Yes but I doe, if shee make a foole of me, Ile nere make her my wife, till she haue her maiden-head agen?

Ruff. A whore? I doe desie this callummie.

Chau. Dost thou? I desie thee then.

Trim. Doe you fir, then I desie thee too, fight with vs both at once in this quarrell if thou darest.

Chau. I could haue had a whore at Plimouth.

Trim. I or at Perin.

Chau. I, or vnder the Mount.

Trim. Or as you came, at Euill.

Chau. Or at Hoc-kye hole in Somersetshire.

Trim. Or at the hanging stones in V Viltshire.

Chau. Or at Maiden-head in Barkshire: and I did come in by Maiden-head to goe out by Staines? Oh that man, woman, or child, would wrastle with mee for a pound of Patience.

Ruff. Some thiefe has put in poyson at your eares.
To steale the good name of my child from me:

Or if it be a malice of your owne,
Be sure I will enforce a prooffe from you.

Chau. Hees a Goose and a V Woodcocke that sayes I will not prone any word that I speake.

Trim. I either Goose or V Woodcocke hee shall fir with any man.

Chau. Phi-si-ti-an, *Mauzarez* Phisitian.

Ruff. Is he the author?

Phis. Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrowes sake,
I must deliuer this most certaine truth,
Your daughter is an honor stayned Bride,
Indeed she is the mother to a child,

A Faire Quarrell.

Before the lawfull wife vnto a husband.

Chau. Law, thats worse then I told thee, I said shee had borne a Bastard, and he sayes she was the mother ont too.

Ruff. I me yet an Infidell against all this,
And will beleue the Sun is made of brasfe,
The Starres of amber.

Chau. And the moone of a holland cheese.

Ruff. Rather then this impossibilitie, oh, here she comes.

Enter Iane and Anne.

Nay come daughter, stand at the barre of shame,
Either now quit thy selfe, or kill me euer :
Your marriage day is spoyld if all be true.

Iane. A happy misery, whose my accuser?

Phis. I am that knowes it true I speake.

Chau. Yes and I me his witnesse. *Trim.* And I.

Chau. And I agen. *Trim.* And I agen too.

Theres foure thats enough I hope.

Ruff. How can you witnesse sir, that nothing know,
but what you haue recei'd from his report.

Cha. Must we not beleue our Phisitions? pray you thinke.
I know as much as euery foole doe's

Trim. Let me be *Trimtram* : I pray you too sir.

Iane. Sir, if this bad man hath laid a blemish
On my white name : he is a most false one,
Defaming me for the iust denyall
Of his foule lust, nay now you shall be knowne sir.

Ann. Sir, I me his sister and do better know him
Then all of you, giue not too much beliefe
To his wilde words, hee's oftentimes mad sir.

Phis. I thanke you good sister.

Ann. Are you not mad to doe this Office,
Fie vpon your malice.

Ph. Ile presently produce both Nurse and Child,
Whose very eyes shall call her mother, before it speakes.

Chau. Ha, ha, ha, ha, by my troth Ide spend a shilling on
that condition to heare that, I thinke in my conscience I
shall take the Phisitian in a lye, if the Child call her mother
before it can speake, Ile neuer wrastle while I liue agen,

Trim.

A Faire Quarrell.

Trim. It must be a she child if it doe sir, and those speake the soonest of any liuing Creatures they say.

Cha. Baw waw, a dog will barke a Month sooner, hee's a very puppy else.

Ru. Come tel truth twixt our selues, heers none but friends
One spot a fathers loue will soone wipe off,
The truth and they trie my loue abundant,
Ile couer it with all the care I haue,
And yet(perhaps) make vp a marriage day.

Iane. Then its true sir, I haue a Child.

Russ Hast thou?

Well wipe thine eyes, I me a Grandfather then,
If all bastards were banisht, the Citie would be thinne,
In the thickest Terme time, well now let me alone
Ile try my wits for thee, *Richard, Francis, Andrew,*
None of my knaues within?

Enter his Seruant.

Ser. Heere's one of 'um, 'sir, the Guests come in apace.

Russ. Doe they Dick? let 'um haue wine and sugar, weele be for 'um presently, but harke Dicke.

Chan. I long to heare this Child speake yfaith, *Trim,* I would this foolish Phisition would come once.:

Trim. If it calls her mother, I hope it shall neuer call you father.

Chan. No, and it doe Ile whip it yfaith, and giue thee leaue to whip me.

Russ. Run on thy best legs Dicke.

Seru. Ile be heere in a twinkling sir.

Exit Ser.

Enter Physician, Nurse, with the Child.

Ph. Now Gentlemen, belecue your eies, if not my tongue
Doe not you call this your Child?

Ch. Phew, thats not the point you promis'd vs the Child
should call her Mother, if it doe's this Month, Ile nere goe
to the Roaring Schoole agen.

Russ. Whose Child is this Nurse?

Nurse. Dis Gentlemans, so he to me readen. *Points to the*

Cha. Snailles shee's the Phisitian's *Bronstrops, Trim.* *Phisitian.*

Trim. His *Fucus*, his very *Twicke*, yfaith.

A Faire Quarrell.

Chan. A glister in his teeth, let him take her with a purgation to him.

Russ. 'Tis as your sister said: you are starke-mad, sir,
This much confirms it, you haue defamed
Mine honest daughter: Ile haue you punished for't,
Besides the ciuill pennance of your sinne,
And keeping of your bastard.

Phyf. This is fine,
All your wit and wealth must not thus carry it.

Russ. Sir *Chaugh* a word with you.

Chan. Ile not haue her yfaith, sir, if *Trimtram* will haue her and he will let him.

Trim. Who I, sir? I scorne it, if you'l haue her, Ile haue her too, Ile doe as you doe, and no otherwise.

Russ. I doe not meane to either, this onely, sir,
That whatsoere y'au'e seene, you would be silent,
Hinder not my child of another husband,
Though you forsake her.

Chan. Ile not speake a word, yfaith.

Russ. As you are a Gentleman.

Chan. By these basket hilts, as I am a youth,
A Gentleman, a Roarer.

Russ. Charme your man I beseech you too.

Chan. I warrant you sir hee shall doe nothing but what I doe before him.

Enter servant with Fitzallen.

Russ. I shall most dearly thanke you, Oh are you come,
Welcome sonne in law: this was beyond your hope,
We old men haue prettie conceits sometimes,
Your Wedding daye's prepar'd, and this is it,
How thinke you of it?

Fitz. As of the ioyfullst
That euer welcom'd me, you shew your selfe now
A patterne to all kind fathers: my sweetest *Iane*.

Russ. Your captiuitie I mean't but as sauce,
Vnto your Wedding dinner, now, I'me sure
'Tis far more welcome in this short restraint
Then had it freely come: *Fitz.* A thousand fold.

Iane.

A Faire Quarrell.

Iane. I like this well.

Chau. I haue not the heart to see this Gentleman guld so, I will reueale, I make it mine owne case tis a foule case.

Trim. Remember you haue sworne by your hilt.

Chau. Ile breake my hilt rather then conceale, I haue a tricke, doe thou follow mee, I will reueale it, and yet not speake it neither.

Trim. 'Tis my duty to follow you sir.

Chough sings. Take heed in time oh man vnto thy head.

Trim. sings. All is not gold that glistereth in bed.

Ruff. Why sir? why sir?

Chau. Looke too't I say thy Bride's a *Bronsterops*.

Tri. And knowes the thing that men weare in their floss.

Fuz. How's this sir?

Chau. A *Hipocrene*, a *Tweke*, for and a *Fucus*.

Trim. Let not fond loue with forgetops so rebuke vs.

Ruff. Good sir.

Chau. Behold a baby of this maides begetting.

Trim. A deed of darkenes after the sun-setting.

Ruff. Your Oath sir.

Chau. I sweare and sing thy Bride has taken Phisicke.

Trim. This was the Doctor cur'd her of that Phisicke.

Chau. If you'le belecue me I will say no more.

Trim. Thy Brides a *Tweke* as we doe say that roare.

Chau. Beare witnes Gentlemen I haue not spoke a word,
My hilt are whole still.

Iane. This is a sweet *Sphalamium*,
Vnto the Marriage bed, a muscull
Harmonious to : sir, yaue wrongd me,
And basely wrong'd me, was this your cunning fetch,
To fetch me out of prison, for euer
To marry me vnto a Strumpet?

Ruff. None of those words good sir,
Tis but a fault, and tis a sweet one too,
Come sir, your meanes is short, lengthen your fortunes,
With a faire proffer : Ile put a thousand pieces
Into the scale to helpe her to weigh it vp.
About the first dowie. *Fuz.* Ha? you say, well

A Faire Quarrell.

Shame may be bought out at a deare rate,
A thousand pieces added to her dowry.

Ruff. Theres five hundred of 'um to make the Bargaine,
I haue worthy guests conning, and would not delude 'um,
Say : speake like a Sonne to me.

Fitz. Your blessing sir, we are both yours, witnesse Gentlemen these must be made vp a thousand pieces, added to a first thousand for her dowry, to father that child.

Phyf. Oh is it out now ?

Chau. For tother thousand Ile doo't my selfe yet.

Trim. Or I, if my Maister will.

Fitz. The Bargaine's made, sir, I haue the tender
And possession both ; and will keepe my purchase.

Chau. Take her eene to you with all her moueables, Ile
weare my bat chellors buttons still.

Trim. So will I yfaith ; they are the best flowers in any
mans garden, next to hartsease.

Fitz. This is as welcome as the other sir,
And both as the best blisse that ere on earth,
I shall enioy, sir, this is mine owne child,
You could not haue found out a fitter Father,
Nor is it basely bred as you imagine,
For we were wedded by the hand of Heauen
Ere this worke was begun.

Chau. At Pancridge, Ile lay my life on't.

Trim. Ile lay my life on't too, twas there.

Fitz. Some where it was, sir.

Ruff. Wa'lt so yfaith sonne ?

Iane. And that I must haue reueal'd to you, sir,
Ere I had gone to Church with this faire grooms;
But I thanke this Gentleman, he preuented me,
I am much bound vnto your malice sir.

Phyf. I am asham'd.

Iane. Shame to amendment then.

R. Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones,
But sonne, a word, the latter thousand pieces
Is now more then bargaine.

Fitz. No by my faith sir

Here's

Here's witnesse enough on't, 'must serue to pay my fees,
Imprisonment is costly.

Cham. By my troth the old man ha's gul'd himseife, finely,
well sir, Ile bid my selfe a guest, though not a groome, Ile
dine and dance, and roare at the wedding for all this.

Trim. So will I sir, if my Maister does. (on't,

Russ. Well sir, you are welcome, but now, no more wordes.
Till we be set at dinner, for there will mirth
Be the most vsfull for digestion,
See, my best guests are comming.

*Enter Captaine Ager, Surgeon, Lady Ager, Colonells
Sister, two friends.*

Capt. Recouer'd saist thou.

Surg. May I bee excluded quite out of Surgeons Hall
else, marry I must tell you the wound was faine to be twice
Coroded, 'twas a piaine Gastrolophe, and a deepe one, but
I closed the lips on't with Bandages and Surteures, which
is a liad conuention of the parts separated against the
course of nature.

Capt. Well sir, he is well.

Surg. I feard him I assure you Captaine, before the Surture
in the belly, it grew almost to a convulsion, & there was like
to be a bloody issue from the hollow vessels of the kidneyes.

giues him money.

Capt. Theres that, to thanke thy new's and thy Art
together.

Surg. And if your worship at any time stand in need of
incision, if it be your fortune to light into my hands, Ile
giue you the best.

Capt. Vncle, the noble Colonells recouer'd.

Russ. Recouer'd:

Then honor is not dead in all parts Cusse.

Enter Colonell with his two friends.

1. Behold him yonder sir.

Capt. My much vnworthinesse is now found out,
Tha'st not a face to fit it.

Colo. fri. Sir yonders Captaine Ager.

Colo. O Lieftenant the wrong I haue done his fame,

A Faire Quarrell.

Puts me to silence, shame so confounds me,
That I dare not see him.

Capt. I neuer knew how poore my deserts were,
Till he appear'd; no way to giue requitall,
Here, shame me lastingly; doot with his owne,
Returne this to him, tell him I haue riches
In that abundance in his sisters loue,
These come but to oppresse me, and confound
All my deseruings euerlastingly:

I neuer shall requite my wealth in her say,
How soone for vertue and an honor'd spirit,
May man receiue what he may euer merite:

Colo. This comes most happily; to oppresse me better,
For since this Will was made there felt to me
The Manner of *Fitz-dale*, giue him that too
Hee's like to haue chardge there faire hope
Of my sisters fruitfulnessse, for me
I neuer meane to change my mistris,
And warre is able to maintaine her seruant.

1. Read there, a faire increase sir, by my faith,
He hath sent it backe sir, with new additions.

Capt. How miserable he makes me, this inforces me
To breake through all the passages of shame
And headlong fall,

Colo. Into thine armes deare worthy.

Capt. You haue a goodnesse
Has put me past my answeres, you may speake,
What you please now; I must be silent euer.

Colo. This day has shoven me ioyes vnualeu'd treasure,
I would not change this brotherhood with a Monarch,
Into which blest aliance sacred Heauen
Has plac't my Kinsman, and giuen him his ends;
Faire be that Quarrell makes such happy friends.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

